A BOY AT GETTYSBURG

ELSIE SINGMASTER

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A BOY AT GETTYSBURG

HE HAD A WILD IMPULSE TO SHOOT (*page* 155)

A BOY AT GETTYSBURG

BY

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Author of "John Baring's House," "Emmeline" "Katy Gaumer," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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Drawn by Kleber Hall

A BOY AT GETTYSBURG

* * *

THE OLD MILL

CARL MOTTERN and Philip Scoville faced each other over the Scoville gate. The Scoville house, its front illuminated at present by bright moonlight, stood on the Square in Gettysburg, a large substantial structure of red brick with a broad doorway, broad rooms on each side and a long wing at the back. From a deep yard a gate opened in a brick wall, and through the gateway and over the wall poured a multitude of sweet odors from the garden within. A giant apple tree which bloomed late spread arms like those of an elm and shed its sweetness, not only over the Scoville property and through the Square, but, according to the direction of the wind, now to this border of the town, now to that. An aged wistaria covered the whole of the two-story rear porch, and in beds beneath were late daf-

fodils and hyacinths. Peonies were beginning to bloom, irises were all but over, and scentless and invisible in the dark shadow of the wall stood japonica, dogwood, and many varieties of spirea.

Carl was a tall, dark-haired boy not quite fifteen years old, whose growth had outstripped the strength necessary to support it, and who was in consequence a little stooped. He was an orphan and lived with his grandfather, Charles Mottern, at Mottern's Dam, a mile and a half to the southeast of Gettysburg. He attended school in Gettysburg and helped his grandfather run the sawmill. It was likely that his school days were over, and the possibility of having no more education seemed intolerable. He was ambitious to be a lawyer, because that was the profession, not only of Philip's father, but also of another man whom his grandfather had taught him to respect and admire, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, a few years ago little known outside his own State, but whose name was now on the lips of thousands, sometimes in mockery, sometimes in admiring faith, sometimes in

despairing hope. When the future seemed darkest, Carl reminded himself that his chances were bright beside Lincoln's early prospects. Lincoln had had nothing, yet at this moment in far-away Chicago he was being considered as a possible President of the United States.

Philip Scoville was over seventeen, but he had been a delicate child, and his schooling had been postponed so that he was no farther advanced than Carl. The two had been fast friends since Carl had taken Philip's part in childish battles, when, too weak to defend himself, he was set upon by larger boys. He was now ready for college, and when he had graduated he would study with an eminent lawyer in Philadelphia, a friend of his father. He had never grown tall, but at last his health was established. He was an only child, and all the hopes of his father and mother were fixed upon him.

The closed gate indicated no difference of opinion between the two boys; it merely meant that Carl had determined finally to tear himself away. He seldom came to town in the evening, since his absence not only left his

grandfather alone, but might mean disaster to some member of a long procession of strange dark travelers on the Underground Railroad who came secretly to the mill. It was forbidden to help them, but his grandfather, who was responsible to the law, never saw or spoke with them. His own conduct, as that of a minor, was either unsuspected or else ignored.

He had already lingered a long time. He was about to go when Philip brought out a plate of unsurpassable doughnuts baked by Mrs. Scoville's expert cook, Maggie Bluecoat, a negress weighing more than two hundred pounds, who about ten years earlier had succeeded in buying her freedom and making her way North. She was so capable and her value in money so high that upon several occasions bands of negro-chasers had tried to capture her and carry her back over the border in order to sell her. She lived in a little cabin in the Long Lane, a grassy, thickly shaded, and pleasant road which formed the western boundary of the town, and thither she returned each evening when her work was done. She had recently acquired a musket, and she de-

clared that henceforth any one who molested her would lose his life.

Only the strong digestion of active youth could have met the demands made upon it by Carl's fondness for doughnuts. His grandfather was the cook at home, and the menu, while substantial and nourishing, was monotonous.

Mrs. Scoville had come out to the porch to speak to Philip's guest, but lingered only a moment. She was tall and slender, her eyes were gray, her thick hair was dark, and her voice soft and deep. Carl adored her, he had never seen any one so lovely. Her beauty, her courtesy to him, a poor and insignificant boy, her delicate apparel—all seemed to declare her a creature of another order and he could answer her only in monosyllables. He loved to watch her from afar and he frequently walked round the Square so that he might see her face bent over her book or her embroidery at the window; but in her presence he was awkward and dumb. She had done her best to put him at ease, but she believed that she had failed, and she won-

dered a little at Philip's regard. It was doubtless a youthful friendship which he would outgrow.

At this hour of the night the town and the Square were usually perfectly quiet, but now there was an almost constant commotion. From a brightly lighted room on the second floor of a large building echoed the sound of men's voices, and from a similar gathering, somewhere out of sight, came still louder sounds. Suddenly two young men tramped down the street shouting. They stopped under the lighted windows and hailed those within.

"You old Douglas men, stick your heads out if you dare!"

The Douglas men, who, from the agility with which they responded to this invitation, could not be old, darkened every window.

"Abe Lincoln's going to be nominated and elected. You can save your time and your breath up there."

A missile descended from above, but the youths were out of range. They went on their way, yelling and laughing.

Behind them came another figure with a slight limp, proceeding furtively and clinging to the shadows. It was Edward Hunt who was neither a Douglas man nor a Lincoln man, but who belonged to the party of Breckenridge and believed in slavery and secession. His physical defect, which was not so great as to be a deformity, made his spirit bitter. Of Southern ancestry he remained in the North, though he professed to despise all Northerners. He had been graduated from Gettysburg College, but he made no effort to learn a profession and lived on a small income inherited from his father. With no apparent reason he vanished for days at a time, and there were those who suspected him of some mysterious and illegal commerce, but they could not tell what it was. He never passed Carl without a sneer or some scornful taunt about his fondness for "niggers." It was an expression not merely of mockery, but of wrath, as though Carl somehow stood in his way.

The two boys watched him with sharp eyes.

"Always sneaking round listening, but

never letting himself be seen," said Carl. His voice still had in it ludicrous soprano tones, especially when he was excited. "Does your father really think Lincoln will be nominated?"

"Of course he does." Philip's voice had settled into a deep bass.

Carl loosened his clasp of the gate.

"I hope he's right! Grandfather says the whole nation'll go to the bow-wows if he doesn't win. Then when he's nominated he'll have to be elected. My, I'd like to see him!"

"He'll be elected all right if he's nominated." Philip spoke with assurance. Suddenly he leaned forward and whispered, "Got any boarders?"

Carl answered in the same quiet tone:

"No. Grandfather thinks they're picketing since old Brown was hanged and the negroes can't get through."

"If you need any help you know where to find it."

"I know that," answered Carl. "Goodnight."

Still he did not go, but stood looking over

Philip's head into the dark thicket of wistaria. He longed to say, "Oh, Phil, I'd like to study law. Do you think your father would help me? I'd work day and night."

But he lacked the courage, and when Philip said good-night he started home. Philip was going to college, but Abraham Lincoln had not gone to college and he had made himself a lawyer.

Puckering his lips into a whistle Carl started southward out Baltimore Street. It was after ten o'clock, but his grandfather would forgive his tardiness in his desire for the latest news. He had no reason to be afraid of the dark; he was constantly engaged in an adventure beside which a walk home at ten o'clock was no more than a walk to church on a bright morning.

After he had covered two blocks, the sounds behind him died away and the houses became scattered. The pavement was irregular, here a stretch of brick, here a few flagstones, here only earth tramped hard. He dropped into a hollow and climbed a hill, and before he reached the summit of the next hill the pave-

ment ended. To his right lay the cemetery, at its entrance a large archway which was really a house for the caretaker. Beyond he could see dimly the white stones and tall monuments in the thick shade. One shaft, the highest and handsomest of all, bore a single word, "Scoville"; near by many low stones bore the name "Mottern." Beyond the cemetery there was woodland either on one side of the Baltimore pike or on the other and sometimes on both, and the way was dark. Carl still went whistling, his hands in his pockets. He said once to himself, "How I wish I could see him!" and twice, "How I wish I could be a lawyer!"

There was no human sound in the quiet night, but a breeze stirred the treetops, making the young leaves rustle softly, owls hooted, little birds cheeped, and there was presently the loveliest sound of all, that of running water. The spring had been wet and Rock Creek was high. Just before he reached the stream, Carl turned to his left and stepped into the woods to follow the mill-road along the bank, walking steadily and whistling

loudly and confidently. Presently he stood for a moment frowning and looking absently down at the mill-race, filled with several feet of water by the backing-up of the high stream. He thought again of his ambition—he didn't want to be a miller; he wanted to be a lawyer like Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Scoville.

Suddenly his immobility changed from that of abstraction to that of deliberate purpose. The race presented no familiar unbroken surface as he had thought, but from it projected several bodies like small rocks. He took a few steps down the bank and stood looking at the dark masses.

"What is it, boys?" he asked, his tones cracking ludicrously.

One of the strange objects breathed a long sigh as from a breaking heart or a heart which could endure no more.

"What are you hunting for, boys?" asked Carl again.

"Oh, young mas'r!" The voice broke like Carl's not with youth, however, but with terror. "Is we foun' de right place?" Babbling as though a restraining mechanism had

broken and the machinery of his mind and tongue ran loosely, the speaker repeated his question over and over, with a differently placed emphasis in each repetition. He said first, "*Is* we foun' de right place?"—he went on to say, "Is we *foun'* de right place?"—and then, "Is we foun' de *right* place?"—and at last, "Is we foun' de right *place,* young mas'r?"

Carl took still another step. He could see dimly the two gray faces like faces of frogs peering from the water.

"Yes, you is foun' de *right* place, and you is foun' de right *place.* But hush up, or you'll fin' de wrong place. Now listen carefully. Go on up the race. In a minute you'll come to an archway—go through that in the water and keep to the right, with your hand against the wall. You'll feel an opening and you climb up and you'll be in a room. You lie there, quiet."

"Yes, young mas'r. Praise God, young mas'r!"

A grim smile crossed Carl's face. It was after all not much to praise God for, a dark, damp shelter for creatures dripping with the

water of a cold stream. But it was freedom, and that was a great deal to praise God for.

He watched the black figures vanish under the low arch; they would have unpleasant going for a few feet. Hearing no frightened outcry, he went on, walking rapidly and stumbling a little. When he saw a light in the kitchen of the log house, he stood perfectly still, turning his head backward in the direction from which he had come. There was nothing to be heard except the sounds of the May night—the hoot of owls, the soughing of the wind in the trees, and a louder sound of water from the breast of the dam above. It was a damp and lonely place with steep acclivities on both sides—until this moment he had never realized how damp and lonely.

He rattled the knob gently and a tall shadow moved across the shade, steps came toward the door, and a hand slid back the bolt. Before he entered, he closed the wooden shutters, so that the house appeared entirely dark. It is only by deliberate effort that a house can be made to hide all glimmers of light from within, and clearly such effort had been made here.

There was no chink along door or window and no crack in the shutter.

Opening the door Carl stepped into the kitchen. Seen in the light his eyes were a clear brown and his features good. His grandfather, who had undone the bolt, had returned to his chair beside the table on which was spread an accumulation of newspapers. He was an exceedingly tall and handsome man with a ruddy countenance, a white beard, and gleaming eyes. Carl might grow to look like him if he remained good and upright. He was eighty years old, but only during the last few months had he begun to show the infirmities of age. He believed, and Carl believed, that it was anxiety about his country that was wearing him out. He looked up eagerly and impatiently.

"Any news?"

"Mr. Scoville is sure he'll be nominated," answered Carl. "There are men out yelling for him. The Cameron men are meeting, and the Democrats, and Edward Hunt is prowling about listening." As he spoke, Carl slipped the lids on the stove and opened the draft;

then he made a suggestion which sounded unbecoming. "Time for you to clear out, Gran'."

The old man did not seem to feel the least injured; he rose at once and went toward an inner door, and, entering quickly, closed it. Only in the speed with which he moved was there any suggestion of quickened emotion, and it was the speed of anxiety rather than of irritation.

Left alone, Carl laid dry wood upon the glowing coals, quickened the fire with a bellows, and set a kettle close upon the flaming mass. The water was already warm and he added a generous measure of coffee. He opened a cupboard and took out a large portion of cornbread and added some cold meat, then gathered together a bundle of clothing. By the time he had filled a basket the coffee had boiled and he strained it into a quart milk-pail which had a lid fitting deep down the sides. He had left room for the pail in the basket and, taking the basket in one hand and the bundle in the other, he stepped out into the darkness. Listening he heard again only the voices of

the night, and after a moment's pause he set off down the road.

In the mill there were dangerous openings in the floor and pieces of log lying round which would have tripped an unwary person, or one unacquainted with the place, but he walked steadily. Behind a pile of planks he kneeled down and, slipping his fingers into a knothole, lifted a broad board.

"Boys," he said in a sharp whisper.

"Yes, young mas'r."

Precaution seemed absurd in this deserted place.

"I'm going to lower a basket. You'll find pone and coffee in it. Drink it all, so you'll get warm. Here's a bundle. Take off your clothes and rub yourselves with these towels and put on these other things. Then feel round the wall and you'll find shelves. You can sleep up there." There was another pause while he fumbled behind the pile of planks. "Here are dry blankets. Are you all right?"

A sobbing cry answered.

"Oh, praise God, young mas'r! Praise God!"

"Now, remember!—perfect quiet till to-morrow night. You'll hear the mill going and people talking, but don't make a sound."

"Not a sound, young mas'r. But, oh, mas'r!"

With the board almost in place, Carl lifted it again.

"What is it?"

"The dogs is after us, young mas'r."

"Don't worry about the dogs, they can't trace you here."

The board was almost down once more.

"But, young mas'r!"

"What is it?"

"I feel I ought to tell you. This isn't my brother or my friend with me, this is my po' wife."

"I guessed that." Carl was proud of his acuteness. "Now, not another word, no matter what happens."

The board went down for the last time. Outside the mill Carl stood and listened. Again there was only the hoot of owl and the sound of running water. He walked toward the Baltimore pike so as to get a little away

from the stream, and stood still; then suddenly, hearing a new sound, turned and ran like a deer, back past the sawmill, along the dim race, to the log house, where he burst in. Fastening the door he moved across to the inner room and there uttered a stern command.

"Time to be asleep." His voice was sharp, and now he did not add even an affectionate "Gran'."

A snore answered him, too loud to be convincing. He giggled and closed the door and went up a stairway to his own room. Here there was no shutter and the window was slightly open. Undressing rapidly, he stood close to it. There was the same sound, only now it was near at hand, a deep bay which made him quiver with an uncontrollable excitement. It came nearer and nearer, and suddenly into the faint light in the clearing burst three dogs, closely followed by four men. The dogs ceased their baying and he could see dimly their dark forms moving uncertainly about. Urged on by curses they could do no more than nose here and there aimlessly.

Separating himself from his companions, a man came hammering at the door.

"Open here, you!"

Instantly Carl lay in bed covered to the chin, grinning and shaking. The hammering grew stronger.

"Open, or we'll break the door in!"

Heavy feet came slowly up the steps and Grandfather began to answer his clamoring visitors.

"In the name of common sense and decency what do you want?" His tones changed from a rumble to a roar as his tall figure passed Carl's bed. He lifted the window with a slam. "I say, what do you want?"

"You have niggers hid here."

There was an impressive pause before the old man replied.

"I'm here in this house, and my young grandson is here, and whoever contradicts me by saying any one else is here will pay the penalty of those who call others liars."

Grandfather spoke as though he had a cannon.

"Then they're in your mill."

"You're perfectly welcome to look through my mill."

"You're an abolitionist."

"I am. I rejoice in it and boast of it. I'd help all your slaves to escape—every one. I'd put every penny into it and help every one I could. To-morrow, when Abe Lincoln's nominated, is the beginning of the end for you."

"You've got 'em here," insisted a voice. "A man and his wife, a house-man and a cook, valuable property, and we'll stay till we get 'em."

"Stay by all means. You're welcome to get the rheumatism and the ague and all the other diseases that breed in this damp spot."

Carl found it necessary to have some vent for his excitement and mischief.

"If you listen sharp you can hear my young grandson snore," said the old man with grim hilarity.

Down went the window, out of the room tramped Grandfather. When he had vanished, Carl rose and tiptoed to the window. The dogs still continued their aimless running

about; the dark forms of the men stood huddled together. They vanished presently, and Carl returned to his bed. He uttered a louder snore, and as though he had beckoned sleep hither by this unmusical invitation he was almost immediately oblivious to the world.

CHAPTER II

FRIEND BRINTON

CARL came down stairs at six o'clock, rubbing his sleepy eyes. The hollow was no longer sinister; it had the beauty of fairyland. The sun shone upon the stream and upon dark pines and hemlocks, tall deciduous trees in early leaf and innumerable red-bud and dogwood trees whose lavender and white glory still lingered. The bed of the stream was a mass of boulders, and, high as the water was, it was possible to cross by springing over deep channels. In several places stones, washed back and forth by the water on the tops of concave rocks, had worn deep, bowl-like depressions to which Carl sometimes guided students of geology from the college. Everywhere were spring flowers, late anemones and hepaticas, bloodroot, Dutchman's-pipe, and violets, the spreading beds as yet undespoiled.

Grandfather was putting the bacon in the pan.

"You're a late sleeper," he said with a twinkling eye.

Carl looked at him soberly. The pretense between them was always kept up; the old man was always able to say honestly to inquirers, "I have seen no fugitives."

"I had a broken night, sir." There was no lack of respect now in Carl's voice.

'Oh, you did!" chuckled the old man. "Is that so?" At once his tone became serious. "I had a bad dream, and after I was once awake I couldn't go to sleep for thinking of Chicago. Did you hear anybody say when we might expect news?"

"Not before this afternoon."

From a hill called Little Round Top, a mile away, woodsmen were bringing timber, and Carl worked diligently all the morning. Though he had not attained a man's strength, he had learned a deftness in handling the cant-hook which was more effective than power of muscle. Glancing across from the shelter of the mill, he saw one of the bloodhounds drink-

ing from the stream and he wondered whether the negroes beneath him were awake. There was an opening between two stones through which they, too, could look across. It was probable that they still slept. One exhausted pair whom he had sheltered had been unable to leave until the second night, their prostration was so great, and he had once hidden a man with a sprained ankle for a week.

He saw nothing of the pursuing posse, but as long as the dogs remained, the men too were about. He believed that he could hear horses stamping in the woods on the opposite side of the stream, but he made no effort to verify his suspicions. It was likely that from a leafy covert some of the strangers watched his every motion and that from another point of vantage the rest kept their eyes upon his grandfather. They might watch for several days. If the negroes were good workers—and it was only those of energy and spirit who succeeded in pushing their way so far north—there might be a large reward upon their heads. Or their pursuers might intend to sell them instead of returning them to their

masters, and in that case they might receive more than a thousand dollars apiece. Desperadoes who tried to seize free negroes as they tried to seize Maggie, would have but one purpose, to do as well for themselves as possible.

In the middle of the morning Grandfather came to the mill and pottered about restlessly, but did not work. He sat on the logs, his eyes fixed on some vague and distant spot. Sometimes he muttered, "Let Abraham Lincoln be nominated! O God, let Abraham Lincoln be nominated!"

Occasionally, when they were alone, Carl put a question to him.

"Suppose the South seceded, Grandfather—wouldn't it be best to let them go?"

"Anything would be better than to let them go," declared Grandfather sternly. "They'd break it up. They'd break it up, the best government in the world. We must each do his duty." He looked at the boy earnestly and a little fearfully. "Carl, how old are you?"

"I'll be fifteen on the Fourth of July."

"It would be over before you could go in."

"You mean we'd have war?"

"Of course we'd have war."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, when the race had emptied, Carl left the mill and, walking out to the pike, turned toward Gettysburg. He went carelessly, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders a little bent. Now and then he stopped to examine a flower or some other object to which one would have expected a lad of his age to be indifferent. Each time he glanced backward, and presently he saw a man appearing as if by magic from the woods. When he straightened up, the man stepped quickly behind a bush as though he believed himself unseen and wished to remain unseen. It was as Carl expected—one of the strangers was following him, hoping to gain some clue to the whereabouts of the slaves.

Carl went slowly on his way. To his right were Wolf's Hill and Culp's Hill; far to his left was Round Top, rising abruptly from the plain except on one side where it was flanked by Little Round Top. He could hear for some distance the murmur of the full stream, but as he climbed the slope toward the cemetery

the pleasant sound died away. The sexton stood before his arched dwelling and Carl stopped to speak to him, and, in doing so, faced directly round. The stranger was much closer and again he stepped promptly to the side of the road.

"I just came from town, and there's no news yet," announced the sexton. "But they have hopes. You stop as you go home if you hear anything."

Carl gave him a meaning glance. There were many citizens of Gettysburg with whom he exchanged meaning glances.

"I may not come back this way. Or I may be late."

"So!" exclaimed the sexton. "I'm going to fetch you a bundle of clothes one of these days."

"Good," said Carl.

As Carl expected, the stranger came close behind him as they entered the town; believing himself unobserved, he thought he would now be taken for a casual pedestrian. Mischievously Carl stopped twice before he reached the Square, and each time the stranger was put

into the position of one whose speed carries him past his goal. There were business places in the last block and people coming and going, and here he kept abreast of Carl. At the corner stood Clymer's dry-goods store, and entering Carl walked straight ahead and vanished through a rear door. He sometimes worked here on Saturdays and no one thought his entrance and exit strange. In a narrow alley, entirely invisible from the front street, he stopped for a moment to laugh—when he could forget the poor victims of the chase, he enjoyed it and wished that more and more would come.

Crossing the town rapidly, he stepped out into the open country to the north. Five miles away lay a farm belonging to Mr. Scoville and rented by Jonathan Brinton, a Quaker, and it was with him that he had business. He walked more quickly because Philip had mentioned the possibility of his going there for the day, and the pleasure of an adventure was quadrupled when it was shared with Philip. He thought sadly of the autumn when Philip would enter college and would make new ac-

quaintances; then he could not expect to continue to be his closest friend. But he did not remain depressed. The afternoon was bright, his health abounding, the prospect of fine farms and wooded hills beautiful, and his errand one of mercy spiced with danger.

Jonathan Brinton sat on his kitchen porch shelling corn for the next day's planting, a basket between his knees into which he sent rattling the fine kernels from specially selected ears. He was a broad, rosy-cheeked man with a gray beard under his chin and along his cheeks. When he saw Carl, he looked at him intently, and at once dropped the half-shelled ear. His convictions about slavery were so strong that he would like to shout them from the housetop from morning till night, but because that would hamper him in helping the fugitives, he said nothing except to those who thought with him.

"Well, Carl," he said in a crisp tone. "Any news?"

Instantly two heads appeared behind him, that of Philip at the door and Mrs. Brinton at the window. Seen in daylight Philip was

blond and blue-eyed. Mrs. Brinton was about sixty, stout, matronly, and benevolent.

"I'm glad to see thee," she called. "Any news?"

"Pancakes for supper," shouted Philip. "Any news?"

"None about old Abe," answered Carl.

"What then?" asked Jonathan with an unquakerish impatience.

Carl paused with his foot on the step and looked over his shoulder.

"All safe," said Jonathan. "The hireling's in the field."

"And Edward Hunt's in Gettysburg," said Philip, pushing open the door.

"I have two fine planks at the mill," announced Carl.

"Has thee, indeed?" said Mr. Brinton excitedly. "Thy mill has been pretty idle of late."

"No material," explained Carl. "Grandfather thinks since they murdered John Brown they picket the roads."

"It may be. When will thy planks be ready for delivery?"

"Any time after dark."

Jonathan rose and set his basket aside.

"Mother, can thee get supper quickly?"

Mrs. Brinton was already bustling about. The air of age given her by her little white cap was belied by her brisk movements.

"Philip must come too," said Carl. "Then you will seem to take away as many as you bring."

"Then, Philip, thee help Mother," commanded Jonathan. "Carl, thee come with me. We'll be off before the hireling comes in. He may be all right, but it's better to take no risks."

Together Carl and the old man pushed out the covered Conestoga wagon and put the harness on the horses.

"They'll have to wait for supper," said Jonathan. "They'll travel faster. Tie the curtain at the back."

The coffee was boiling and the first of the cakes sputtering on the griddle when they returned to the kitchen. Philip pushed up the chairs and the three sat down, Mrs. Brinton interrogating Carl from her place at the stove.

"Are they young people?"

"Yes, quite young. A man and his wife. They were nearly dead when they came, and the dogs were close on their heels."

"Not really bloodhounds!"

"Yes, bloodhounds. They came yapping all round and men behind them with guns. But the poor things were safe; they had walked in the water."

"It's pretty cool to be walking in water!"

"They had come miles that way. It was their only hope."

Suddenly there was a crash and everybody jumped.

"An old plate," explained Mrs. Brinton, nervously. "I'm jumpy as a witch. If only Abraham Lincoln is nominated—that's all I ask."

Jonathan shook his head.

"The forces of unrighteousness are strong."

"The forces of righteousness are stronger," declared Mrs. Brinton, waving her cake-turner.

Supper hastily eaten, Jonathan and the two

boys took their places on the seat of the wagon.

"Thee has clothing enough?" inquired Jonathan as he lifted the lines.

"Plenty."

"Where will thee take them to-night?" asked Philip.

"To Carlisle. Friend Dole will carry them on from there and put them on a train."

"They're really safe now, aren't they?"

"Not till they're away from Gettysburg."

Driving briskly into town, they saw a crowd outside the telegraph office and Jonathan drew the horses to a sharp stop.

"Any news?"

"Not since the second ballot. Old Abe was gaining."

Jonathan flourished his whip over the horses' backs and, astonished, they started the next stage of their journey with a leap. Pedestrians looked at him with irritation as he delayed their progress across the street, particularly those who were annoyed by the latest message from Chicago. As they passed through the Square, darkness was just settling

down and men were going about fixing torches on the curb.

"They're Lincoln men," said Philip, as they rattled out Baltimore Street.

Everybody was going in the opposite direction; they passed team after team, and the boys looked at each other a little regretfully.

"G'lang," cried Jonathan.

In the mill-road, Carl suggested they make some sort of noise.

"We ought to talk. They may be hanging about and guess what we're after."

"We might sing," suggested Philip.

Jonathan began a nervous humming. He knew but few tunes, and the one he selected was "Lord, dismiss us with Thy Blessing." The voices rose stronger, the horses cantered, and drew up at the mill with a flourish.

"I want those planks," roared Jonathan in a loud voice, totally unlike his usual pleasant speech. "I want 'em quick. I've waited a long time for 'em."

"All right," yelled Carl even more rudely. "Get 'em yourself. You can have all you need from that pile." Making his way at once to

the corner of the mill, he lifted the loose board and knelt down. "Are you awake?"

A voice came from below. "Oh, yes, mas'r."

"Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes, mas'r."

"I'll put my hand down and you help your wife up here."

Carl felt a hand grasp his. It was cold and tremulous and he could hear the deep breathing of the poor young woman. In an instant she stood beside him and in another her husband clambered out.

"Can you see?"

"Plain, mas'r."

"Walk straight on and get into that wagon, quickly."

"God bless you, mas'r!"

"Safe journey," answered Carl huskily. "Quick, now!"

"I ought to tell you they're gettin' ready for war down there, mas'r. Everybody's gettin' ready. They're drillin' day and night. You ought to be gettin' ready, too."

"Go quickly," ordered Carl, who longed to ask questions.

The two went heavily, yet as fast as they could, and crept into the back of the wagon. There was more excited talk, more impatient scolding from the gentle lips of Jonathan, then the diminishing sound of wheels.

"Look!" whispered Philip. Before the mill appeared the sinister group of men and dogs. The dogs came sniffing across the floor, the guns were leveled upon the two boys.

"Hands up," commanded a snarling voice. "You're caught. You think you're smart!"

"Put down that gun!" yelled Carl. "What do you mean, you miserable traders, pointing your gun at white people?"

"You're not white!" retorted the stranger.

"We're whiter than you are," roared Carl. "You come here in the middle of the night rousing my poor old grandfather and hang round all day, and now you point your gun at white people!"

One of the strangers struck a match. The light shone upon the brown hair and blue eyes of Philip.

"There were niggers here," insisted another voice.

"The only nigger near here is Abe Batcheller who lives up the road," declared Carl. "He's as free as you or I and a brave man, and you try to capture him and see what happens. This is our mill and you get out." He moved forward. "If the people in Gettysburg knew you were here, they'd turn out with guns that are better than yours. You're wasting your time. Clear out!"

"You'll try this funny business once too often," warned the stranger. But he moved off and his companions with him, and a little distance away they could be heard mounting their horses.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Philip.

"I must get back to town. I promised Grandfather to get the news."

"I'm half afraid to hear it."

"He's surely in," said Carl. "He must be in."

But they set out soberly.

"That darkey said the South was drilling.

Do you suppose it's true?"

"Of course it's true," answered Philip. "If they fight, I'm going. I'll be eighteen in March."

"Do you suppose we'll ever see him?" asked Carl. "I want that more than anything in the world, but there's one thing I want almost as much."

"What's that?"

Carl took a deep breath. Philip could help him to his heart's desire.

"Your father's a lawyer and Abraham Lincoln's—"

"Hark!" cried Philip. "Hark!"

The breeze brought a sound of confusion. Men were yelling, horns were braying, drums were throbbing.

"He's in!" screamed Philip.

"You don't know," said Carl. "It may be Seward, or Bates."

They joined hands and raced down one hill and up the next. Suddenly they saw flaming lights.

"A fire!" gasped Philip.

"No, a procession," said Carl. "He's in!"

"Listen!" said Philip.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"He's in, he must be in!" shouted Philip, and they sped on.

They saw the Scoville house flaring with light from top to bottom, and they dropped upon a doorstep exhausted. All the other houses were illuminated except the narrow one in which Edward Hunt lived with his mother. In the center of the Square two men were marching round and round, as if demented, each carrying a fence-rail on his shoulder. They performed mad antics, and when the crowd was not yelling it was laughing hysterically.

Suddenly there appeared an enormous and still more remarkable figure. There had spread among the colored people a conviction that Lincoln was their friend and none in the settlement on the Long Lane was so certain as Maggie. Now she had come downtown to express her joy. She wore a stiffly starched white dress and the coat of sky-blue broadcloth, part of the dress uniform of an enormous officer of the War of 1812, which had

given her her name, and over her shoulder she carried her long musket, a relic of that same conflict. She had improvised a song and set it to a tune which she had brought with her from slavery.

"When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum,
Linkum, Linkum;
When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum
Walkin' all over God's hebben."

She had a deep alto voice, and as she came uttering her powerful chant, everybody grew quiet, then laughed hysterically, then grew quiet again.

"Stay with us overnight," invited Philip. "There'll be lots to see. I'll bet those fellows don't go home till morning."

Carl looked across the street. He had never stayed in the Scoville house. He seemed to see Philip and himself in the middle of the night, lying awake side by side in the darkness—then he could finish his interrupted confidence.

"Maggie made chocolate cake before she went soldiering," said Philip. "We'll eat it all up. Mother'll love to have you."

Carl saw the delicate, beautiful face, the wide gray eyes. Suppose she should ask him what he meant to be, and he would be able to tell her of his hopes!

But he hesitated only for an instant. He saw, instead of the lighted houses and the riotous figures, the damp and lonely hollow and an old man sitting waiting.

"I'd like to stay—you know that. But Grandfather's wild to hear the news."

He stood for an instant longer. Abraham Lincoln was nominated at least. His relief from anxiety and his deep joy quickened every emotion. He noticed how the bright light played on the window-panes, how blue-black was the sky above. He loved Philip and his mother and his father. As for Abraham Lincoln —his heart throbbed and his veins tingled. With a quick good-night, he turned and went back, through the town, past hurrying, excited pedestrians, past horses racing wildly, into the lonely road which led to the mill.

CHAPTER III

"HURRAH FOR OLD ABE!"

On a gray November morning, Carl started briskly up the road, a basket in his hand. He was not warmly dressed; money was scarce and an overcoat out of the question. Everywhere the ordinary progress of business was arrested and few logs were brought to the mill. Men promised themselves and each other that after election everything would be steady, but in their hearts they knew that they spoke nonsense. The smouldering conflagration, burning its way into ever-widening areas, would not be quenched by the election of any man; it had gained too much headway, and after election it was likely that things would be far more serious than before.

If it had not been for Grandfather, Carl might have taken a position in Gettysburg for several days of the week at least, but he was afraid to leave him alone. This afternoon Grandfather was to be brought in to vote and

he could hardly wait the moment when they should come for him. Carl was now on his way to deliver eggs at the house of the sexton of the cemetery—in this way he managed to add a little to their income. He had left his grandfather sitting by the table in his arm-chair, fingering papers and pamphlets about Lincoln and copies of Lincoln's speeches which were his constant reading, but upon which he could not fix his attention on this important day.

Carl trembled for another reason than the cold—the gray clouds and the sharp air and his own discomfort quenched the enthusiastic certainty of victory. Since May men had been parading, carrying rails on their shoulders and banners in their hands, and the younger enthusiasts had formed a band of "Wide-awakes" and, in caps and hats of black, glazed muslin, and carrying flaming torches, were on the streets almost every night. They met other bands with other insignia and there were frequent clashes of tongues and sometimes of fists. Suppose these other bands should be victorious and to-night the rails and

the glazed hats and the torches have to be hidden away! It seemed at one moment an unthinkable, and at the next a possible, calamity.

There was another sort of activity. In Gettysburg as in a thousand other towns, the local militia had taken a fresh lease on life. The Independent Blues had secured new uniforms and had replenished the supplies in their arsenal, and Philip Scoville and a score of other youths had been accepted to bring the company up to full strength.

Suddenly looking up from the ground upon which his eyes had been fixed, Carl saw a familiar figure approaching. This was Edward Hunt who since May had seldom been seen in Gettysburg. The long procession of escaping slaves had come to an end—perhaps it was with their interception that he was concerned. Carl disliked and feared him, but at the same time he pitied him for his affliction and his bitterness. He meant to pass him by, answering a good-morning if he uttered one, but to his surprise Hunt blocked his path. He had come so close that he had to step backward in order to look up into Carl's face.

"You're a Lincoln man, I take it."

"Of course."

"You don't think he'll get in, do you?"

"I know he'll get in."

"Suppose for the sake of argument that he doesn't." Hunt was always quiet and composed. "You'll be in a dangerous situation."

"I'll have plenty of company."

"That's where you're mistaken, my boy. I don't know anyone else in this town who shelters criminals and is himself an active thief."

"I'm not a thief!"

"You are a thief! What else is a person who receives stolen goods and helps other people's property to escape?"

Carl looked down at the slender, sneering face. He clenched his fists and then opened them.

"I won't listen to you," he said, turning away. "And I won't fight you."

Hunt flushed.

"What will you do if Abe Lincoln's elected and it's necessary for the South to set this nation straight? If an army comes up here,

you'd like to look some of the Southerners in the face whose property you've stolen!"

"I'm not afraid," said Carl, over his shoulder.

"They'd string you up in your mill," Hunt called after him. "That'd be the first thing they'd do."

Carl grinned—there was something absurd in this braggart talk, but there was something serious, too. He remembered a muffled voice:

"I ought to tell you they're gettin' ready, mas'r. Everybody's gettin' ready. You ought to be gettin' ready."

"The South has all the generals, almost all the arsenals, all the military genius, everything," Hunt went on. "It would be a matter of a few weeks before we had our own President in Washington, and the North on its knees. There'd be troops in this town, then there'd be no more parading."

"I suppose you'd be there to point me out," laughed Carl.

His amusement angered Hunt.

"It won't be necessary," he said, limping down the road. "You're marked."

Carl looked after him, then he hid his basket in the bushes and entering the woods followed a parallel course. Where could Hunt be going? It could not be far, since he was not able to walk far. Was he going to the mill? Carl slipped along, now making his way quietly through the thick undergrowth, now stepping from rock to rock in the low stream. He passed the dam, glanced at the log house, catching a glimpse of his grandfather sitting by the table, and went down along the race. Suddenly he heard the trampling of horses and it was a simple matter to creep closer until he came within sight and hearing of five mounted men. They had no dogs; they were clearly not in pursuit of fugitives. The horses were restless and their riders seemed to be on the outlook for some person who was to meet them. Carl could not identify any of them, but they resembled the group which had pursued the last of his visitors.

The first sentence revealed the reason for their unguarded speech.

"The young cub's in town by this time. Hunt'll meet him. I'd like to make him con-

fess that DeLisle's man and woman were hidden here."

"I'd like to burn down the mill with him in it," declared a harsher voice.

"He's lost us thousands of dollars," complained the first speaker.

Hunt came slowly in the mill-road. He was tired and pale and he had been unreasonably irritated by what he believed was an allusion to his lameness on Carl's part. Carl's anxiety about the outcome of the election was no greater than his, even though he was more certain of the success of his cause.

He bade the men a curt good-morning as if he dealt with inferiors against his will. He spoke quietly and the close gathering of his auditors prevented Carl from hearing anything but a few words and phrases. One of these was "expert," another "heavy," another "two thousand dollars." He used also the words "a vicious devil." Carl listened curiously—was he applying these epithets to him? After speaking for a while in lower tones, the men separated, the horsemen to ride to the pike and away, Hunt to start slowly back to

town. The horsemen turned and looked at the mill as though they were fixing it in their memories or considering its destruction.

Carl retraced his steps along the stream, seized his basket, and still ahead of Hunt, returned to the pike. He walked on frowning and trying to puzzle out what he had heard. But he could make nothing of it. "Devilish" and "vicious" Hunt might apply to many of his fellow townsmen in his hatred, but "expert" and "heavy" were mysteries. "Two thousand dollars"—was he demanding two thousand dollars for something he was going to do? Carl wished he might see Philip, but Philip was in college all day and had, as he anticipated, made new friends. In Carl's heart was growing up a little plant of resentment which he was able to destroy no more easily because it was of his own cultivation.

His eggs disposed of, he returned to the mill and began to prepare his grandfather for his afternoon journey. The old man was pathetic in his anxiety to be ready in time and his fear that he might be forgotten.

"You're sure they'll come for me?"

"Yes, Grandfather, at three o'clock. Mr. Scoville will attend to it."

"Every vote'll count. I wish you could vote."

"So do I."

"How old are you?" Grandfather asked the question daily.

"Only fifteen," confessed Carl ruefully.

The Scoville carriage drove in the narrow road, and the coachman turned the horses with difficulty.

"You need the old man, don't you?" chuckled Grandfather.

"Yes, sir, that we do."

The polling-place was in a little building beside the Court-House. There were many hands to help Grandfather and there were eyes which looked at him in scowling surprise. Some one said, perhaps more loudly than he intended, "They've fetched even the patriarchs."

Grandfather's hearing was excellent.

"To-day's a day when the patriarchs count," he said proudly.

There was little chaffing as on other elec-

tion days; men entered silently and voted grimly.

"If voting depended on height, you'd get a ballot sure," laughed one of the officials. "How old are you?"

Carl acknowledged with a regretful blush that he was only fifteen. A happy thought had recently excited him for a few minutes—perhaps Grandfather was mistaken and he was older. But the date of his birth, plainly written in the family Bible before the dates of his father's and mother's deaths, dashed his hopes. Another testimony of his youth was suddenly offered; his voice was now almost always steady, but as he answered the official's question it cracked and the men laughed.

"A good deal'll happen before you can vote," prophesied a bystander.

"A good deal'll happen before he can even be a soldier," added another hotly, and the two glared at each other.

"Hold on, now," commanded one of the officials. "No disputing here. Better not dispute at all—it's dangerous."

Carl took his grandfather's arm.

"I've done it," said the old man. "I've done it."

Tears were running down his cheeks and some one laughed, then grew quiet. It was thus that the crowd had laughed at Maggie Bluecoat and had then grown quiet; the fantastic figure and the aged white-bearded figure seemed to be symbolic of something mysterious and important.

Outside on the pavement stood Mr. Scoville, who stared at them for an instant as if his thoughts were elsewhere and had to be brought back. He was a tall man who looked a little strange with a smoothly shaved face in a day when beards were fashionable. He shook hands with Grandfather and laid his other hand on his shoulder and they stood for a moment gazing into each other's eyes; then Mr. Scoville helped Grandfather into the carriage.

"This is Carl, isn't it?" he asked, blinking a little.

"Yes, sir."

He looked him up and down.

"How old are you?"

"I'm fifteen." Being fifteen was a crime. "I was fifteen on the Fourth of July."

Mr. Scoville seemed to be interested in ages, for he called to a passing youth, Henry Dalton, who had been a schoolmate of Carl and Philip, "How old are you, Henry?"

"Almost eighteen," answered the boy loudly. "I'm all ready."

Mr. Scoville shook his head.

"Tut! Tut! Leave that folly to the other side."

"You're ready for what?" asked Carl.

Henry came a little closer.

"You know, and so does Mr. Scoville. I'm not old enough to vote, but I'll be old enough to fight. I'm a good shot and I—"

"Hush!" commanded Mr. Scoville. "Not another word!" He spoke sternly, and the boy said no more, though he laughed.

Back at the mill Grandfather was unwilling that Carl should stay at home.

"Get the news. We can't get it all to-day, but we can get Pennsylvania and New York. If they're all right, everything's all right.

And something might happen in town and you could be of use."

"I don't like to leave you."

"Nobody'll come here," said the old man positively. "Who would come to the mill on election day?"

The visitors of the morning recurred to Philip's mind, and at the same time came suddenly and queerly a recollection of Maggie Bluecoat. Maggie was "heavy" and Maggie was "expert." She would also appear in the eyes of Hunt a "vicious devil." Were they going to try once more to capture Maggie? Nothing would be more likely. He had not seen her for days; possibly she was ill and unable to leave her cabin, and this evening, when all her neighbors would come to town, her capture would be easy. Only Maggie had faith in her long musket except as an impressive show.

Carl heard his grandfather's voice as through a fog.

" I want you to go."

"I'll go," he promised.

But first he went up to his room. Here in

a drawer of his bureau, carefully cleaned and with a sack of powder and another of leaden bullets beside them, lay two "pepper-box" pistols, new and wonderful inventions, which, stolen from their master, had been given him by two fugitives. The powder he had bought, the bullets he had moulded. He forgot his foolish resentment toward Philip because he was born to opportunities which he did not have, and he put one pistol into each of the deep side-pockets of his coat. It would be sensible to tell Mr. Scoville or the Judge or the town marshal, or some one of authority, but he would tell only one person and that was Philip.

"Are you going?" called Grandfather eagerly from the foot of the steps.

"Yes," answered Carl. "But I can't get news till late, Grandfather."

"I don't care how late, if it's only good."

Carl hung about outside the college gate for a long time. It was colder than in the morning, but he did not feel the cold; even the thrusting of his hands into his trousers pockets was not so much for the purpose of

warming them as to feel the heavy pistols against his wrists. When he had waited a half-hour, he remembered that election day was a holiday—there would be no school, and he started toward the Square.

From the alley back of the Scoville house he whistled loudly, but had no reply, and after a while he entered the side gate and went to the kitchen door. The more quietly he moved and the less he and Philip were seen together before evening, the better.

A young colored woman in the kitchen offered to inquire and came back with the answer that Philip had gone to see his friend at Mottern's mill.

"Where's Maggie?" asked Carl, trying to keep his deep interest from making his voice quiver.

"Too much soldierin'," explained the girl, giggling. "She's lame and she had to stay at home. Missis thinks she's stayin' home for to get well enough to come to work to-morrow, but her mind's set on gettin' well enough to go out to parade to-night."

At the gate-house of the cemetery Carl spied Philip coming up the hill.

"Hello!" called Philip. "Any news? I was out to see you."

"No election news," answered Carl. "But I have news of another kind. Let's go in here."

The two boys entered the cemetery and walked under the thick trees to the far end. The sexton was at work, and he too shouted, "Any news?" Answered negatively, he waved his hand and went on with his sodding. Out of sight the two boys climbed to the top of the fence.

"Well?" said Philip.

Carl took one of the pepper-boxes from his pocket and laid it on the rail between them.

"There," he said. "And there."

"Are those the guns the negroes left?"

"They are. And we've got to use 'em."

"What!"

Carl told his story.

"I'll bet anything that as soon as it's dark, they'll come to carry her off. Let's be on hand and do some shooting. It'll scare 'em to death

and give 'em a touch of their own medicine. It's their last chance; when Lincoln's in, this thing'll end."

Philip threw back his head and laughed.

"The woman in your kitchen said Maggie was resting so she could go soldiering to-night," said Carl.

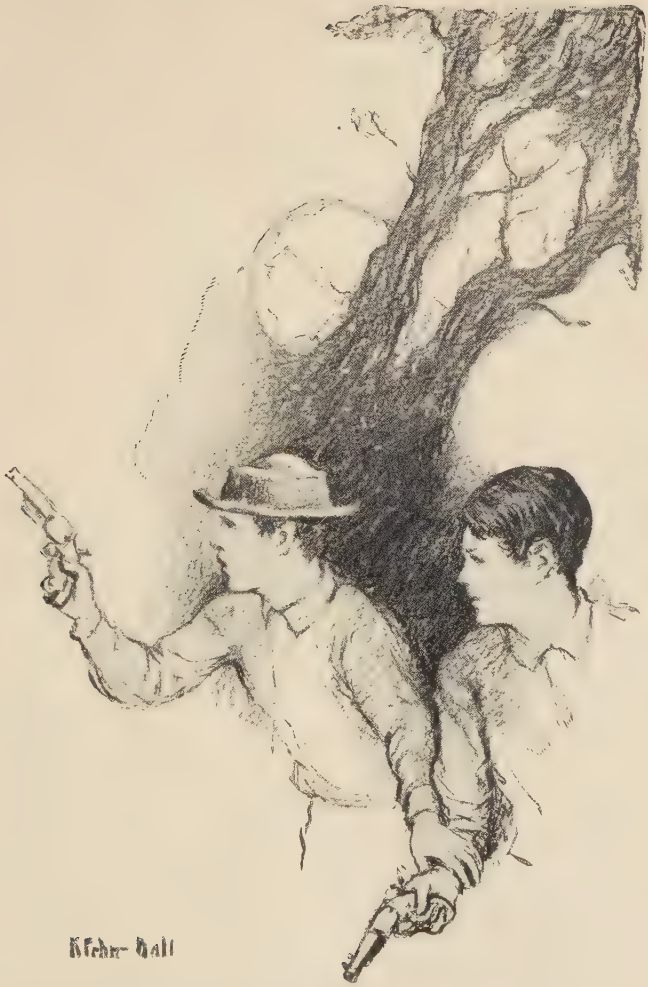
"She's been too much for 'em. They can't stand her crowing. Perhaps they do feel that to-night's their last chance."

Darkness fell early, and it was only six o'clock when the two boys left the center of the town where the confusion was each moment increasing, and stole out the Long Lane. All the inhabitants seemed to be coming in, and Philip hailed a colored man and asked for Maggie.

"She's comin' with her gun, Maggie is. She'll be there. She's just restin' till it's time to hear somethin'."

"They're probably hiding round the house now," said Carl.

Crossing a field the two sprang over a fence and sat down under a clump of locust shrubbery at the back of Maggie's cabin. Almost



CARL LEANED FORWARD AND LAID HIS HAND ON PHILIP'S ARM

immediately Carl leaned forward and laid his hand on Philip's arm. An instant ago the night had been perfectly quiet—now there was the sound of approaching horses. Five men rode slowly and quietly in from the opposite direction and halted before the cabin. All but one slipped from their mounts and together they went toward the door. There was a crash, then a yell of terror and rage, then silence. The boys sprang up.

"Have they killed her?" whispered Philip.

"They've probably gagged her."

Hand in hand, so as not to lose each other in the darkness they approached the corner of the house. It was as they suspected—Maggie was already gagged. Not only was she gagged, but hand was tied to hand and foot to foot. In spite of the tightness of the straps, she managed to writhe and kick, and four men had great difficulty in hoisting her to the saddle of the fifth. He slid back and they laid her before him face downward in the position of a child about to be spanked. They had ceased to be careful; made bold by their suc-

cess and by the quiet of the negro quarter, they triumphed over their victim.

"You won't parade to-night, Maggie!"

"She'll bring eighteen hundred at least!"

In spite of the choking bandage, ponderous groans broke from the breast of poor Maggie and the sorrowful sound called her rescuers to action.

"Ready!" whispered Carl nervously. He pulled the trigger and the pepper-box uttered a deafening roar. Another instant and Philip's thundered also.

"Forward!" ordered Carl, as if his objective were an enemy redoubt instead of the foot of Maggie. "Grab her!"

Amid the careering horses they plunged forward and with a single jerk had ill-balanced Maggie on the ground. They stood beside her, firing into the air.

"Reinforcements coming!" yelled Philip. "The whole town'll be here in a minute."

So reckless was the shooting that the posse withdrew in wild and precipitous flight. Philip removed the gag from Maggie's mouth and Carl the shackles from her hands and feet

and she stood quivering, like a mountain rocked by an earthquake.

"You'd better lie down," advised Carl. "We'll keep guard."

"I ain't goin' to do no sech thing!" declared Maggie. "I'se all dressed up an' I'se goin' solderin'. You get my gun, sonny, an' come on."

Delighted to obey, the boys proceeded toward town, with Maggie between them, walking unsteadily but with determination, and blessing them at the top of her voice.

To their astonishment they met no one, but as they neared the Square this was explained. A block away they could not make each other hear.

"Run!" cried sympathetic Maggie. "Run, boys, and God bress you! Nobody ain't goin' to hurt me now."

"Do you suppose he's in?"

Philip seized Carl by the arm.

"Listen! Stop!"

The crowd had so far composed itself as to be able to sing. The tune was "The Star-Spangled Banner;" the words were,

"Hurrah for our cause, of all causes the best!
Hurrah for old Abe! Honest Abe of the West!"

"They've heard from Pennsylvania," gasped Philip. "They can't have heard from any other State."

A man mounted the balcony of the Scoville house, and gradually the tumult was sienced. He waited until the last horn had ceased to blow.

"New York's all right!" he shouted. "And Illinois! And Indiana!"

"Come on," said Philip. "Let's snake it round the Square with the rest." He began to sing,

"We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
Till broad daylight."

But again Carl saw an old man sitting waiting.

"No," he said regretfully. "I must go back."

CHAPTER IV

GRANDFATHER'S MAP

Carl did not get to sleep early and he woke late. The days had grown shorter and colder and then longer since Lincoln had been elected on November sixth. It was now February twenty-second, and the temperature was not unlike that of election day except that in the hollow the air was saturated with dampness from the brimming stream. It was filled also with sound; the water roared over the dam and rushed noisily among the rocks.

Carl had been in town until late; Grandfather was discontented when he did not get a paper each day, and he still liked Carl to linger until the telegraph office closed.

"But you ought to go to bed," protested Carl.

"I can stay in bed in the morning and all the next day if I want to." The old man was more excitable than he had been before Lincoln's election. That had been good news, but

the word which the instruments clicked out now was often bad. That is, Grandfather and Mr. Scoville and all the supporters of Lincoln considered it bad, but Edward Hunt and his friends considered it good. South Carolina had seceded in December and now the United States held only little Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana—all were gone from the Nation and were making a government of their own.

"They're breaking it up," mourned Grandfather. "They'll have it broken up before he gets there."

Business had grown worse instead of better; one great national concern after another tottered and fell. The little Gettysburg mill suffered with the rest; no one seemed to have time or energy to cut wood, or any reason for needing it.

Even in Gettysburg there was a great deal of political activity. Mr. Scoville, without having a political position, was an important person in the councils of the Republican Party. He was now in New York, now in

Washington, and once he went to see Lincoln at Springfield. It was whispered that he received messages in a code unintelligible to any one but himself.

Edward Hunt also came and went. He had ample funds and he bought a riding-horse famous in the county for her endurance. He never passed Carl without uttering some sort of taunt.

'South Carolina's gone out. . . . . Your old Abe'll never see Washington. . . . You wait till they come up here to settle with the conductor of the Underground Railroad, my lad! That'll be a sad day for you."

Carl did his best to keep an impassive face. South Carolina had gone out—that was true; but the next taunt was a lie, and the last a matter of indifference.

Last evening Carl had hung about hoping for something for himself. Abraham Lincoln was on his way to Washington, and this afternoon he would be in Harrisburg to speak to the Legislature. Harrisburg was thirty-seven miles away as the crow flies and sixty

by the railroad. He would have walked the distance gladly, but he was afraid to be away so long, and the little money he had he dared not spend to go in the train. He had a vague hope that Philip might think of him, but Philip was not to be seen—doubtless he had already started with his mates. Carl returned home at eleven o'clock with no hope.

This morning the kitchen had its familiar and disorderly look. It was clean, but there were new piles of papers. On the wall hung a map of the United States which was Grandfather's dearest possession and on it were strange markings. South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana—all were black, except one spot in South Carolina which showed where the Stars and Stripes still waved above Fort Sumter. The old man spent hours contemplating it, and sometimes he took a pen and sorrowfully made the dark spots still darker.

Entering the kitchen as Carl took the corn mush from the pot, he put out his hand to the nearest chair to steady himself and then sat

down heavily at the table. To-day he would have but one thought.

"This afternoon he makes his last speech. To-morrow he'll be safe."

He rose and approached his map. In addition to blackening the seceding States, he had traced the course of Lincoln's journey from Springfield through Indianapolis and Pittsburgh and Cleveland and Buffalo and New York and Philadelphia and many other cities. He took a pencil and continued the line from Philadelphia westward to Harrisburg.

"That's what he'll do to-day."

He turned suddenly and looked at his grandson, as if he saw him for the first time.

"You ought to have gone to Harrisburg."

Carl bent his head over his saucer.

"It's too late, now, Grandfather."

After the dishes were done he turned to his books. He was reviewing the texts used in school and he had a few of those for the first year in college. But the college subjects were new, and he was often puzzled. He had in addition several volumes of Blackstone, and

these, with hope which was a faint gleam in a dark sky, he was reading diligently.

He tried to study, but he saw between him and the page a tall figure and a dark, earnest face. Once he said aloud, "I would have been thankful for one glance!"

"What did you say?" asked Grandfather, who was standing before his map.

"I was just muttering," said Carl kindly.

Time passed slowly; it was nine o'clock, then ten. At half-past eleven, as he lifted his hands to clasp them back of his head, he heard a sound above the roar of the water and he rose quickly and went to the door. Some one was riding rapidly in the muddy road. To his amazement he saw Philip mounted on one of his father's best horses, and leading another. He drew rein at the door.

"Carl!"

"What is it?" asked Carl with a sinking heart. Had the threats against Lincoln been carried out? Surely God would not allow that to happen!

Philip had lost his breath.

"Listen to me!" he gasped.

"I am!" said Carl. "I am!"

"Father telegraphed that he'd be in Harrisburg this evening to see Mr. Lincoln and that I might come over and bring some one with me."

"But isn't it too late?" asked Carl.

"We're to ride to Hanover and there we can get a train. He speaks to the Legislature this afternoon, but Father's to see him later and he wouldn't have told us to go over if he hadn't intended we should see him too. Are you ready?"

"Am I ready!" Carl turned his shining eyes upon his grandfather. "Did you hear, Grandfather?"

The old man had to have the matter explained.

"That's right," he said. "You go, and you come home and tell me."

The sky was clearing and the sun came out brightly as the two rode into the Square. They stopped for a moment at the Scoville gate and Maggie waddled out with a lunch carefully wrapped and tied so that it could be fastened to the pommel. Maggie had put on

still more flesh; now she could not rest upon a horse without breaking his back.

"Come on, go 'long," teased Carl. "You know how to ride double."

"Never you min'. I'll see 'im," answered Maggie, her black face shining. "He'll come marchin' through in triumph, you'll see." She went back to the house singing,

"When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum,
Linkum, Linkum."

Mrs. Scoville waved from the window, and they were off, probably the happiest boys in the Nation. They took up Maggie's song as they cantered down the road to the east, and then rehearsed all the campaign songs. There was one which Jonathan Brinton had added to his small repertoire, at which Mrs. Brinton shook her head with a troubled air.

"Give the flags to the winds! Set the hills all aflame!
Make way for the man with the Patriarch's name!
Away with misgivings—away with all doubt,
For Lincoln goes in when the Quakers are out!"

"It will surely turn out all right," said Carl earnestly.

"I hope so," answered Philip. "But my father told me something terrible. Last year they took from the Springfield Arsenal and sent to the South a hundred and fifty thousand Government arms, and so it has been in all the arsenals. If we have to fight, it may go hard with us."

"If we failed, it would have to be fought over again, that's all," said Carl.

Reaching New Oxford at two o'clock, they ate their lunch without dismounting, and then rode on. The train left Hanover at five and by this time they had stabled their horses, expecting to call for them at two in the morning, and ride home.

"We'll be stiff," prophesied Philip.

"I don't care," said Carl, who had grown more and more quiet with each mile. Within a few hours he should see Abraham Lincoln—this was a possibility that he had dreamed of. But within a few hours he might be blessed by his glance and his handclasp—he had never dared hope for that! He had Philip for his friend and he was to see Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps on the way home

he would be able to subdue his foolish pride and say, "Oh, Philip, I should like to be a lawyer—do you think your father would help me?"

The lumbering train seemed to the boys to approach with great speed. Philip bought the tickets and they stepped aboard. It was Carl's first ride on a train, and he could not altogether quench what he believed to be a foolish smile. He was profoundly interested in the small towns through which they passed and when they drew near the Susquehanna River, he could not control a tremor of apprehension. It must be a strong bridge which could support this weight of iron!

Darkness was almost upon them and he could see only dimly the beautiful stream whose great width was increased by the twilight.

"Here the Indians used to ferry over," explained Philip. "This was for a long time the most western trading station and now it's a city. What a wonderful nation this is! What a wonderful nation it might be," he added bitterly, "If we could have peace!"

Carl remembered a tall form, a white-bearded face, a pair of glowing eyes, and heard a sorrowful voice. "They'll break it up! They'll break it up!"

At the station they stepped down into pressing crowds of sight-seers returning to their homes. There were special trains, and to each regular train many cars had been added. Carl smiled pityingly—these people had seen Lincoln, their happiness was over. He had his before him.

"We go to the Jones house," said Philip. "That's where Mr. Lincoln is, and that's where Father will be."

They pushed their way through the crowd and went up the street, amazed by the decorations and the illumination. Gettysburg had street lamps and torches, but she could create no such brightness as this.

Before the hotel there was a throng, cheerfully expectant of seeing Lincoln again.

"He'll come out and speak to us," prophesied one confident voice, as the boys began to press their way toward the door. Looking

up they saw a familiar figure leaning from a window.

"There's Father!"

Mr. Scoville saw them and beckoned them to enter the crowded hall. Mr. Lincoln, it was said, was still at dinner. They ran up one flight of stairs and then another. To their surprise Mr. Scoville did not come forward to meet them, but drew them into his room. Several men were sitting about, but the boys saw them only as they saw the furniture, so intent were they upon Mr. Scoville's face which wore an unaccountable, pitying expression.

"What's the matter, Dad?" asked Philip.

Mr. Scoville carefully closed and locked the door.

"I have a great disappointment for you."

"Isn't he here?" asked Philip quickly.

"He's gone on to Washington."

Philip sat down on the edge of the bed and Carl leaned against the door.

"Gone to Washington! Why?"

"It was decided it wasn't safe for him to

pass through Baltimore to-morrow. He's been gone since six o'clock."

"And all the people out there expect to see him?"

"Better they should be disappointed than that he should be assassinated."

"Assassinated!" repeated Philip.

One of the strangers looked up kindly.

"He receives threatening letters in every mail, young men. Some are illustrated with drawings of gibbets and stilettoes and pistols. He went back to Philadelphia and he'll be in Washington in the morning."

"What will you do with this crowd?"

"Tell them he can't speak to them."

"Did he want to go?"

"No; he went most unwillingly."

Carl, too, found support in a chair. The inner muscles of his legs, unaccustomed to gripping the back of a horse had begun to have most strange sensations.

"It's too bad," declared Mr. Scoville.

"I'd rather have him safe," answered Carl bravely.

"And I, also," agreed Philip with a sigh.

It was six o'clock when Carl reached the mill. Day had dawned, and in spite of his weariness he realized that the spring birds had begun to arrive. He had declined to ride beyond Gettysburg, saying that he would like to walk in order to limber up his muscles. He was very tired, but the strong coffee which was part of the bountiful repast ordered by Mr. Scoville still had its effect and he was not sleepy. He staggered a little as he turned into the mill-road. When he opened the door his grandfather looked up from the chair in which he had spent the night with his head pillowed on his arm on the table. The lamp had burned itself out, the fire was dead.

"Why, Carl!" he said, blinking himself awake. "Are you back?"

Carl came in and closed the door and stood leaning against it.

"I didn't see him, Grandfather."

The old man grew pale.

"They hurried him away to Washington. He's there now."

"Safe?" whispered Grandfather hoarsely.

"Yes, safe. We heard in town."

The old man rose stiffly and crossed the room. With a faltering hand he completed Lincoln's journey to Washington. Then he pointed at the black space of South Carolina with its white spot indicating Fort Sumter.

"Do you see that?" he asked, weeping. "That's where they'll begin."

CHAPTER V

WAR

At six o'clock on Monday morning Carl hurried in to the Baltimore pike. It was April twenty-second and the sun had been up for an hour, its bright rays glorifying the beautiful landscape. To the right rose the wall of tall pines and hemlocks on Wolf Hill; to the left, with woodland on both sides, lay the small farm of John Eckenrode. Though daylight was long since fully come, a lamp burned brightly in the Eckenrode kitchen. To-day, at seven-forty in the morning, the Independent Blues were going to war and with them Luther Eckenrode. Henry Dalton was going and Philip Scoville and many others. In many houses forgotten lights were burning.

It was hard to believe that there could be war in a land so beautiful, or that, if war came, it could be anything but a bloodless pageant. The redbud, the glory of the neighborhood, was coming into blossom, filling the

hollows and embroidering the hillsides with rosy lavender. Here and there early-flowering bushes of dogwood were putting out white shelves of bloom, and the moment one stepped off the road, one stepped upon a carpet of anemones and hepaticas. The stream was high—Carl walked for some distance before he lost its murmur. A mile and a half to the left, Round Top showed a pale rose against a pale-blue sky. Carl knew exactly how the hill looked near at hand; the pines always seemed darker, the leafing trees more delicate, the color of the redbud richer than elsewhere. How often he and Philip had wandered there! His throat closed as he hurried up the last hill toward the gate-house. The sexton's young brother was a member of the Independent Blues and the sexton and his family were preparing to see him off. Everybody in the country who could get there would be at the Square and the station.

He passed the gate-house, descended one hill and climbed the next. There were few residences at this end of the town, but all were alight. In a small brick house lived a pretty

girl, Jennie Wade, at whom he often looked shyly and admiringly. Now his thoughts were taken from her by a gallant figure. Henry Dalton lived at the bottom of the hill, and as he came out the gate Carl looked at him amazed, so handsome and so awful did he appear in the panoply of war. His dark-blue uniform was new, and he wore side-arms and carried a musket on his shoulder. There was nothing serious about his face and he hailed Carl with a shout.

"Don't you wish you were going?"

"Yes, I do."

There came the old, wearisome question. Carl could have wept as he answered.

"How old are you?"

"I'll be sixteen on the Fourth of July."

"It'll all be over before you get in."

It was wicked to wish that it would not be over, but this very hope was in Carl's heart.

Henry was going only as far as his uncle's in the next block. From there they could see into the Square where a new object met the eye, a tall Liberty pole, the symbol of important and tragic events. Fort Sumter had

fallen on April twelfth, and Grandfather had thereupon completed his blackening of the State of South Carolina. On the fifteenth a proclamation had been tacked to the wall outside Clymer's store, one of many hundreds fastened up through the United States. Carl had read it six times, and there were others who read it many more.

WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and are now opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or in the powers vested in the marshals by law; now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought it fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combination, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

Grandfather read the same proclamation in his paper.

"He didn't drive them out," explained Grandfather. "He was patient. He said, 'In your hands is the momentous issue of civil

war. The Government will not assail you. We are not enemies,' he said, talking like a father to his children." The tears were meanwhile running down Grandfather's cheeks. " 'We are friends,' " he said. " 'We must not be enemies.' He begged them to listen to the better angels of their nature. He gave them a chance to return like the prodigal and have the gold ring put on their finger."

On the nineteenth had come startling news. A regiment of Massachusetts soldiers, marching to answer the call of Lincoln, had been fired upon in the streets of Baltimore and soldiers and civilians had been killed. The news threw Gettysburg into a frenzy. Flags, hastily put together by the trembling hands of women, waved in the breeze, excited groups were to be seen everywhere. Late in the evening a committee went from door to door ordering those who displayed no flags to put them out before morning. Some complied reluctantly; a few refused, but later obeyed. From Edward Hunt's door there hung for a few minutes another sort of flag, but there was an oath and the quick spurt of a match

and that was the end of it. The looks cast at it were almost hot enough to burn it up without actual fire. Edward Hunt's mother had gone to join her kin in the South and he now lived alone.

On the twentieth the ardor of the community expressed itself in the erection of the Liberty pole, forty feet high, with a hastily but carefully manufactured flag floating from the summit. It was round this pole that the Independent Blues were to assemble for their short march to the station. It had been raised with shouts and cheers and there had been witticisms at the expense of the enemy. Only for a moment had there been silence. From the direction of Harrisburg the street filled suddenly with a dark stream. The crowd in the Square could see it advance, and each man asked his neighbor, "What is it?" The questions were answered by hoof-beats and the rumbling of heavy wagons.

"Soldiers!" shouted a loud voice, then again there was silence. A few seconds and there was a burst of frantic cheering as a bronzed company of cavalry of the regular army drew

near on its way to Washington. The silence had more meaning than the cheers—it was like the silence of the crowd at the first sight of Maggie and the silence of the officials and voters when old John Mottern came to cast for Abraham Lincoln what was probably his last vote.

On the twenty-first, which was Sunday, there had been a union service attended by the Independent Blues in a body.

The days had seemed interminable, but now, in less than two hours, the boys would be leaving for camp at York, which was less than thirty miles away. But thirty miles seemed a long distance, and they would probably be there only a short time. Their departure would not leave the town free to think only of them; the Maryland border was a few miles distant and an invasion seemed possible to the timid. Many persons laughed, saying they would as soon expect an invasion from South America; but the timid had their way, and this evening there was to be a meeting in the Court-House for the organization of Home Defense.

Parting from Henry Dalton, Carl crossed the Square and entered the Scoville gate. His jealousy and resentment were cured and in his heart was only the old affection and an aching admiration. Maggie Bluecoat was moving aimlessly round the kitchen, a large room, which her great body seemed to make small, now chuckling, now weeping, now singing in a deep undertone,

"When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum, Linkum, Linkum;
When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum
Walkin' all over God's hebben."

She turned and regarded Carl with an astonished stare.

"Ain't you goin' with you' frien', boy?"

"No," said Carl.

"Why not?"

"I'm not old enough. I'm not sixteen."

Unable to endure more emotion, he sat down by Maggie's table and, laying his head on his arm, pressed his eyes against his rough sleeve. But the tears would not be stayed.

"You lie to 'em," advised Maggie. "They'll be glad to get you. Tell 'em you're eighteen."

"What's this, Maggie?"

Maggie turned ponderously, and Carl lifted his head with a jerk. Mrs. Scoville stood in the doorway. Though it was so early she wore a beautiful dress, but even its rose-color could not put a glow into her white cheeks. She looked at Maggie, then at Carl. She had always the air of one to whom nothing was ever denied, but her soft eyes and curved lips made it certain that the happiness of others was more important than her own. Now she looked at once sorrowful and smiling, reproachful and amused.

"Did you come to see Philip off?" she asked in her gentle voice.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you run up to his room and help him with his canteen and his cannon and his other paraphernalia."

Carl thankfully hid his tears in precipitate flight.

"You tell him breakfas's ready," called Maggie. Then Maggie began to mutter and scold, knowing that her muttering and scolding amused her mistress.

Philip bent over a mass of accouterments on his bed. He looked up, and uttered a cheerful "Hello," and Carl answered with a "Hello" which was just as cheerful. It was the women who made a fellow break down.

"Carl," said Philip, "do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked Carl, a slight gruffness in his tone as though he were not sure he would do anybody a favor.

"Stay to breakfast."

"Had my breakfast."

"Stay anyhow and pretend to eat. We'll all pretend."

"Will your mother want me?"

"She'll be as thankful for you as I am, and that's saying a great deal. You catch hold of this stuff and take it downstairs." As he spoke, Philip intercepted a wild motion of Carl's eyes, traveling from one bookcase to the other. "Would you like to have my books while I'm away?"

"Your schoolbooks?" answered Carl with a gasp. He took a sudden desperate plunge. "There are two things I want, to see Abraham Lincoln and to be a lawyer."

Philip straightened up and looked at him.

"You'll certainly see Lincoln," he said. "And when I come back we'll see about your being a lawyer. Father'll help you. I believe you'd be a good lawyer. I'll tell them to let you have all my schoolbooks."

From the dining-room the boys looked out upon the Square and the gathering crowd. Mrs. Scoville sat with her back to the window, and when the band began to play she started as though she were terrified. She talked almost constantly and ate little. Neither of the boys was hungry, but when she looked at them and said, in a slightly shaken tone, "It would please me if you would eat," they set to work with determination. Maggie Bluecoat's waffles did not often have to be urged upon people, especially boys.

Mrs. Scoville was at the window when the Independent Blues formed into ranks and she was there when they marched past to the station. Everybody was cheering and marching with the soldiers, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and every hand held a flag or a bouquet. The train was waiting and the blue-

clad figures scrambled up the steps to rush to the window. Carl lost sight of Philip until the train began to move, then he saw a hand trying to catch his over the heads of a group of women and he felt a fleeting touch. Philip was the best and noblest of all and his last handclasp was for him.

He went soberly up the street; he would stop for the books another day—Mrs. Scoville would not wish to see him now. He would go back to the mill and do his day's work and in the evening he would come to the meeting. At the Eckenrode farm he stopped; the kitchen light was out, and John moved soberly round at his chores.

"Mr. Eckenrode," said he. "I'd be glad for work. I can't go far away from home."

"I need somebody, that's certain," answered Eckenrode. "If you'll be satisfied with what I can pay, I'll be glad to have you till Luther comes back. It can't last long."

The Court-House bell, which had summoned the people to hear the reading of Lincoln's proclamation and the news of the Baltimore riot and to see the Liberty pole erected

and to pray for the soldiers and to watch them depart, rang loudly at half-past seven o'clock. The timid were already on their way to the meeting, and the brave smiled and went also, but their smiles were not quite so broad or so confident as they had been in the morning. They were tired; they had risen early and had had an exhausting experience. The departure of the soldiers had seemed all day like a dream; now they knew it was actuality. There were vacant places at tables and there would be smooth pillows to-night and empty rooms and quiet houses, where there had been full tables and tumbled pillows and noisy, happy laughter.

The meeting opened with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and all the audience joined in with gusto, whether or not they remembered the words, and felt happier and more confident. After an eloquent and comforting prayer they proceeded with dignity to the business of the evening. A chairman was elected, and after a number of speeches had been made he proposed to form plans for the defense of the community.

Gettysburg, he said, was so near the border that a raid of the Southern army was probable. When some one laughed, he changed his word, saying that a raid was possible some time in the future, and it was well to be prepared.

"I name on this committee, Mr. . . ."

There was a commotion at the door.

"I name on this committee—" There was a little resentment in the speaker's voice. "Mr. . . ."

The commotion at the door increased. Suddenly a woman screamed.

"What's the trouble?" asked the dignified chairman.

Every one turned his head, and some of the audience rose to their feet. Two wild-looking men leaped to a bench.

"The Confederates have burned York and are on their way to Hanover. They'll be here before morning."

There was silence, then a groan, then a Babel of voices.

"How did you get here?" demanded the chairman.

"We ran a hand-car," gasped the exhausted messengers.

"To arms! To arms!" shouted another unfamiliar and still wilder voice. A third messenger dashed in. "York is burning! Hanover's to be set on fire! To arms! To arms! I rode here to tell you."

Already the court-room was emptying. Mothers remembered little children at home, sons and daughters remembered aged parents, merchants remembered their wares.

"Meet in the Square!" ordered the chairman. "Bring all the weapons you have!" He turned to a man standing near by; "There are the stores of the Independent Blues—we shall have to draw upon them. Find the key of the arsenal! Mr. Sahm, doubtless you have plenty of powder and shot in your store?"

"Alas I have very little," confessed Mr. Sahm with a groan.

Carl was already down the street and halfway across the Square. He had taken one of the deadly pepper-boxes to the mill; the other Philip had hidden in the Scoville barn and with it some of the powder and shot. He was

back in the street in a few minutes with the villainous weapon in his hand, the envy of the assembling defenders. He might well have been. Revolutionary muskets began to appear and muskets which had done service in the War of 1812, and old John Burns the constable came with his Mexican War rifle, a small, grim, and silent man prepared to kill. Over his shoulder was slung a cowhorn in which he kept his powder. Sickles were carried hither and scythes and heavy clubs.

"Let the women boil water!" proposed a hoarse voice.

"I have a double-headed axe." There was panic in these quavering tones. "I can settle them one by one."

Some clever person made a suggestion—a locomotive stood at the station; let it be fired up and scouts go toward Hanover to investigate. They could be there quickly and returning they could outdistance infantry or cavalry. The suggestion was acted upon at once, and two courageous citizens mounted the cowcatcher.

Meanwhile many were moved by another

spirit. There were those who could not defend themselves, who had no weapons or who were old or paralyzed by terror, or who had little children to guard. There were also black folk who anticipated the arrival of their former masters to wreak vengeance upon them. In the bright moonlight they formed a lengthy procession. One carried a child, another a feather-bed. One led an old horse, another dragged a little cart filled with household goods. All traveled toward the thickly wooded slopes of Culp's Hill and Wolf Hill. There was one colored person who did not go in that direction, however, but moved toward the Square. This was Maggie, her blue coat on her back, her gun over her shoulder. She seemed to be in a trance, and as she paraded up and down she sang her familiar chant about "Marse Linkum." The boys had long since learned the tune, and they joined in uproariously until their elders shouted at them to be still.

The engine rumbled away at nine o'clock; it rumbled back at one. The armed crowd poured down the street to the station.

IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT THEY FORMED A LENGTHY PROCESSION

"It's a mistake," shouted one of the spies. "Hanover's standing, there's nothing wrong at York, there are no Confederates north of Washington."

An hysterical laugh rose from the crowd.

"Go home to bed!" yelled the second of the spies. From his position on the cowcatcher he could look down on the strange army. "Take your pocket-knives and your rakes and your apple-butter stirrers and go home and sleep."

Carl put his pistol into his pocket and started for the mill. His weapon, at least, was not one to be laughed at! The Scoville house was dark—could Mrs. Scoville have gone away? Yelling and being yelled at, he crossed the Square and started out Baltimore Street. The departing procession had not yet cleared the edge of the town and he shouted to several dark groups that there was no danger. They paid no heed, but pressed on to find beds in the woods. In the morning there would be many aching joints.

Grandfather stirred as he came in, and

Carl went into his room to give him an account of the evening's wild farce.

"They may come yet," said the old man uneasily.

"We'll settle them long before they get ready to come up here!" boasted Carl.

Grandfather turned restlessly.

"They're mistaken men," he said. "But they're brave men. They wouldn't be risking their lives in so mad an undertaking if they weren't brave men. We can't foresee what will happen. There are a lot of books for you in the other room; Scoville's man brought them."

Carl lit the lamp quickly. Heaped on the table were twenty-five or thirty books, and on the top lay a note. He opened it with a trembling hand.

"Dear Carl," wrote Mrs. Scoville. "Philip asked me to send you his books. I'm going to Washington to stay for a while. When I come back, you must come to see me."

Carl examined the books until his grandfather asked him uneasily why he did not go

to bed. Then, carrying Mrs. Scoville's note with him, he went upstairs. He slept soundly, the note under his pillow and a smile on his face.

CHAPTER VI

BAD NEWS

Carl stood waiting in the post-office. The room was very small and very hot with a stove filled almost to bursting. Carl's shoulders had broadened and his muscles seemed finally able to support his long body. It was a Saturday afternoon in December, 1862, and the last southern mail for the week was being distributed. Since Philip left in May of the year before Carl had had many letters. They were long letters, full of news and a merry humor, and he read them again and again. The earlier ones told of the experiences of camp life, of unceasing drill, of long marches in cold and heat. There was no breath of complaint—these were simply difficulties which had been triumphed over. Philip said he had never been so well, he had gained weight, and had even added a half-inch to his height.

"If the war lasts long enough, I'll be as tall as you," he prophesied gayly.

The later letters contained a new note; there was less about camp life and hard work and victories and more about the future.

"When I come home, first of all we'll go fishing. Wouldn't I like to be lying on the bank at Red Rock at this minute waiting for a bite! When I come home, I'm going to eat a whole batch of Maggie's doughnuts all by myself."

There was one letter which Carl loved best of all, though it was shortest. It consisted chiefly of an elaborate headline.

SCOVILLE AND MOTTERN
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
GETTYSBURG, PA.

At one side were two names, "Carl Mottern" and "Philip Scoville," and below were written two words, "Why not," followed by a dozen interrogation points. Carl never thought of it without smiling, and he thought of it many times between daylight and bedtime.

He had trembled with relief when he read Philip's last letter, written in October. On September seventeenth he had been under fire

almost all day in the battle of Antietam, but about the danger he said nothing except that it was "hot work." He said a great deal more about another experience.

"The President visited the camp after the battle. He shook hands with all our company and said a few words to each of us. I wish you might have had my hand-shake, Carl. He looks tired and old."

"Two people in the world care for me," Carl said soberly to himself as he folded the letter, "Grandfather, who's an old man, and Philip, who's a soldier. If I could only go and fight with Philip!"

Now there had been another battle, and again Carl trembled, watching the postmaster's slow-moving hand. The regiment to which many of the Gettysburg boys belonged had been in a disastrous defeat at Fredericksburg, but as yet there had been no news of any fatalities. If any one had been killed, surely some word would have come, though the final lists of wounded might be delayed for a long time. The hardihood exhibited in the desperate charges had never been sur-

passed in the history of warfare and the casualties were many.

There were others waiting for the letters; Henry Dalton's mother and the sister of one soldier and the wife of another. But there was no army mail, and all turned away disappointed. Carl postponed starting home because he would have to tell the sexton and John Eckenrode that there was nothing for them. He walked down the snowy street and entered Clymer's store, where Mr. Clymer was waiting upon a stout woman who asked for yarn.

"What do you want with it?" he inquired nervously.

"I want to knit stockings for my boy." She took out a worn purse and prepared to pay.

"Put it back!" commanded Mr. Clymer fiercely. "Put it back! You don't pay for yarn in my store. You come and get all the yarn you need. I'm too old to go and I've got no boy."

Suddenly he looked up at Carl.

"I always forget how old you are."

Carl flushed.

"I'll be eighteen on the Fourth of July. That day I'll enlist. I'd go now if I didn't have to lie to get in."

"We've had bad news," said Mr. Clymer.

"Yes," said Carl, thinking of Fredericksburg.

"It's a great loss," said Mr. Clymer.

"Yes," agreed Carl, still thinking of Fredericksburg.

Having nothing to buy, Carl stepped outside. There he had a different sort of encounter, opening with the same hated question. After a Confederate defeat, Edward Hunt always vanished as though he had gone to investigate a blunder, but after a Confedrate victory, he was always in evidence. He was supposed to be the chief official of the local order of Knights of the Golden Circle, a secret organization with wide ramifications, sympathetic with the South. It had officers with high-sounding names, passwords, grips, and many elaborate plans for action when the South should be victorious. Patriots declaimed against the patience of the President,

but thus far the society had done little harm and its meetings furnished a safety-valve for energy which might have been disastrously expended.

Lately Hunt had spent a great deal of time riding round on his fine mare. Once in the fall Carl had come upon him in the thick woodland opposite the mill. He had a tablet on the saddle and he seemed to be writing.

Now he put himself directly in Carl's way.

"How old are you, Mottern?"

"I'm seventeen."

"Oh, are you? I should have thought you were twenty-five at least. Now there's Joshua Lang from the upper end of the county, he won't ever have to go because he shot himself in the leg and he limps. In olden times men used to amputate their thumbs so they couldn't use a bow. You say you really aren't eighteen? Of course, standing up before enemy bullets is different from hiding niggers in a mill. I know now where you hid them. You can't hide them there again."

"It won't be necessary to hide them again."

"Oh, won't it?" mocked Hunt. "Rather

bad news for your side these last few days. You ought to have been there looking after your accomplice."

There was something so cruel and vicious in Hunt's tone that Carl clenched his fists. But punishment came swiftly from another source; suddenly Hunt leaped to one side and landed in the gutter. The impelling force was a gun-barrel, striking him, apparently by sheer accident, in the small of the back. The gun was the historic weapon of Maggie, who, relieved of all her duties at Mrs. Scoville's except keeping the house aired and dusted, was able to spend several hours of each day parading and singing. On September twenty-second the President had issued a proclamation announcing his intention of declaring all slaves free on January first, and since that time Maggie had been demoralized. She knelt at street corners and prayed, and her chant was heard sometimes at midnight, sometimes at dawn.

There was never any telling what direction her humor would take: when she was expected to be angry, she was often merely amused;

when she was expected to be amused, she was furiously angry. There was one emotion which she never seemed to feel, and that was fear.

"Did I poke you?" she inquired, looking solicitously at the victim of her undoubtedly carefully planned attention. "I'se sorry. Guess you'se right afraid of guns, or you'd be down helpin' your frien's."

She gave no opportunity for any answer but a murderous glare and went off singing. Carl went off smiling. He had walked only a short distance when he turned and looked back. Hunt was stooping to pick up something from the pavement, a white object, too stiff to be a sheet of paper, too large to be contained in an ordinary pocket. His fingers were stiff and he could not get hold of it. Seeing Carl looking at him, he quickly interposed his body between him and the white object and finally secured it. It was not unlike the tablet he had had on the saddle before him as he sat in the woods.

Still regarding him in a puzzled fashion, Carl was oblivious to a commotion in the

Square. Mr Clymer was talking to a group at the door of his store and to this group Maggie added herself, asking loudly "What's de news?" Suddenly she flung up her arms and her gun struck the pavement with a loud clatter. Going briskly on his way, Carl heard neither the clatter nor an irrepressible and woeful sobbing.

The winter afternoon was drawing to a close and the light had faded perceptibly. It was a time of day which always depressed Carl. He would hurry home, and when he had lighted the lamp and made supper for himself and his grandfather, things would look brighter. Worried as Grandfather often was, he never had a moment's doubt of ultimate victory.

The next person whom he met did not cheer his spirits. This was a woman in deep mourning, the mother of a boy who had been killed. Next, hopping along on crutches, came Johnny Gilbert who had left a part of one leg in Virginia.

"When are you going, Carl?" he asked

pleasantly. It was not a gibe; he knew that Carl was still under age.

"July the Fourth—that's my birthday."

"Good," said Johnny, hopping on.

If he had turned to follow him with his eyes, Carl might have seen him also joining the group at Mr. Clymer's door. The woman in mourning was already there, and she was crying. Going on Carl saw instead pretty Jennie Wade in her doorway and responded to her waving hand. How often he had seen Mrs. Scoville's lovely face looking out at him from her window, and how often he had walked round the Square so as to have a smile from her! He would go home and continue his unceasing study of Philip's books and before he went to bed he would re-read Philip's letters and his mother's note.

Entering the gate of the cemetery, he was about to rap at the door when he saw that the sexton was standing with three men a little distance away. One was the undertaker, and one the Presbyterian minister—the other he did not recognize. The place was very beautiful; the golden rays of the setting sun gilded

the snow and the marble shafts, and where the sun did not shine directly there was a purple light. He was content to wait the sexton's leisure and, though the beauty of nature seemed to be something it was not right to enjoy, he forgot everything but the loveliness before him. He stood leaning against the wall of the house, peace in his heart such as he had not felt for a long time.

Then, in the midst of his happiness, a chill passed through body and soul. The fourth man was not a stranger; it was Mr. Scoville. He had been stupid not to realize that they stood beside the tall Scoville monument. Could Mrs. Scoville have died? It could not be!

In an instant his question was answered. Mr. Scoville pointed to a place in the snow.

"There," he said distinctly. "That's where his mother wishes him to lie."

Carl's heart was paralyzed; his hands tried to clutch the cold wall. He heard a sound close at hand as the sexton's wife raised the window beside him.

"Did you know Phil Scoville was killed?"

"Killed!"

"Yes—at Fredericksburg. His father was able to get his body at once and he's brought it home."

"Are you sure?" faltered Carl.

"Yes," she answered sorrowfully. "Sure. There's no telling who will go next. Do you want to speak to Mr. Scoville?"

Carl shook his head. The woman was frightened by his paleness.

"You and he were friends, weren't you? You come in and get warm and let me give you some coffee. I made some for Mr. Scoville. He came here directly from the train."

Carl remembered the gathering groups. Was it this which Mr. Clymer had meant by "bad news?" Was it this which Hunt had meant, speaking in scorn? It couldn't be; even he would not be so cruel!

"You'd better come in," urged the sexton's wife.

Carl could not answer. A billow of misery engulfed him; he must go home. The men were coming toward him and he fled, out the

archway and down the road. He dropped into deep shadow and climbed again into the light. The snow was still a shining yellow, the shadows still a warm purple, but he saw neither.

The sun had vanished entirely from the hollow and it had taken on its most sinister appearance. The stream looked black and sullen, the old mill grim. The leafless trees seemed to lift tortured arms as though they expressed the suffering breathed in weary sighs from the chamber above the race; the firs had a secret air as though they still hid wretchedness. Grandfather had not lighted the lamp; he could sleep at almost any time now, either day or night, and it was thus that he filled in the long hours. He woke at once when Carl entered.

"That you, Carl?"

Mechanically Carl opened the lid of the stove and put in a fresh chunk of wood and fumbled with the draft. He took from the mantel one of the spills which Grandfather made to save matches and lifted the lamp chimney. His throat would burst, he must

cry out, or beat the walls with his hands. How one's heart could ache—why, one might die of such pain as this!

The flaring light showed to his grandfather a contorted face, and he asked a question, although he guessed the answer.

"What is it, Carl?"

Carl said nothing.

"Is it Philip?"

Carl managed a nod.

"Has he been killed?"

Carl dropped into a chair and laid his head on his arms on the table. It was answer enough. Grandfather sat with his hands folded, his head dropped upon his breast, his deep eyes sorrowful. The first blow was hard; the boy must have time to collect himself.

"Now make us some coffee," he said after a while. He was a very wise old man, he did not say, "Coffee will help." Nothing would really help for a while.

Carl rose and moved round the kitchen, now blindly, now with bright eyes and set lips. He brewed coffee and fried potatoes

and made biscuit, and they sat down opposite each other at the little table. Trying in vain to eat, he remembered suddenly how Mrs. Scoville had sat playing with her fork and spoon the morning Philip went away. Unable to breathe, he rose and walked across the room and opened the door.

Outside the cool air fell gratefully upon his burning cheeks. The stars shone brightly and he could see their reflection in the stream. The wind was rising and his imagination gave the sighing of the trees a human quality. His mind became suddenly extraordinarily clear; he heard echoes of whispers which seemed to come from a dim and distant place, "Oh, mas'r, is *dis* de place, mas'r? Is dis de *place*, mas'r?" Whatever the political and constitutional cause for the war, in these sighs lay the root of the matter; until it was settled nothing could be settled.

He stood for a long time, then he turned and went in. His cheeks were dry and he felt no more desire to weep.

"Grandfather, I'd like to go now," he said firmly.

Grandfather shook his head.

"Next week the days begin to get longer. It will soon be New Year, then it will soon be springtime, then it will soon be the Fourth of July. Pretty soon you must look out for some one to stay with me. One of these days you go up to the mountain and see whether one of Martha's girls will come and, if not, then one of Caroline's. This is a lonely place, but it's nothing compared to where they live. Then, when you're eighteen, you enlist. It's best to obey the law."

"It'll be over by that time," said Carl.

"I wish I could think so," answered Grandfather wearily.

CHAPTER VII

PROPHECIES COME TRUE

Carl stood at the corner of the Square, in front of Clymer's store. It was Friday, the twenty-sixth of June, and on Saturday, July Fourth, he would enlist. He was now on his way to the house of his grandfather's niece above Cashtown, to claim the promise of her daughter that she would act as Grandfather's housekeeper while he was away, and he hoped she would come at once. Grandfather was steadily failing, and it would be impossible to leave unless there were some one actually at hand. His excursion promised to be a pleasant change; he was fond of a long tramp and the day had the delicious warmth of May rather than the heat of midsummer.

He paused in the Square to look and listen, noting that there was fresh excitement in the air. More than two years had passed since Gettysburg had armed itself with hoes and rakes and ancient weapons for defense, but

the fright was remembered, and not only as an emotion to be ridiculed and forgotten. Gettysburg was still perilously near the enemy country, and again and again the town had been terrified. Elsewhere Confederate invasions had created panic and loss. Some wondered that Gettysburg had been spared so long, others laughed at the idea of serious trouble.

Mr. Clymer was addressing a group of his fellow-citizens who crowded close about him. The minds of his audience were prepared for bad news; it was altogether a time of gloom. Two months ago the Union army had been badly beaten at Chancellorsville, and foreign countries were on the verge of acknowledging the independence of the Confederacy. The term of enlistment of thousands of soldiers was about to expire, and it was doubtful whether so many would reënlist in what appeared to be a lost cause.

"It's altogether horrible to think of," said Mr. Clymer solemnly. "But it's my conviction that Lee has already passed north of us."

"North of us!" repeated an amazed voice.

"Impossible!"

The others remained dumbfounded, most of them standing with bulging eyes and open mouths.

"It's my positive conviction that Lee and his army have passed northward from the Shenandoah Valley into the Cumberland Valley, and that part at least are near Harrisburg."

"But that's nonsense, Clymer!" .

"I wish it were. If they capture Harrisburg, they have the railroads; then Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington will be easy marks."

"Impossible! Impossible!" said the same scornful but now slightly tremulous voice. It seemed as though the speaker believed he could prove his opinion true simply by expressing it over and over.

Carl waited to hear no more—every new alarm made him more anxious to be in the army. As he started away another question floated after him.

"Where's our army?"

"Heaven knows!" was the sharp answer.

Carl went toward the west, and at the edge of town stood still and looked about. Half a mile ahead rose Seminary Ridge crowned by the cupola of the Lutheran Seminary; his road lay in that direction by way of the Chambersburg turnpike. Across the street old Constable Burns sat on his little porch, his head on his breast as though he were sleeping. The boys teased him, but they respected him none the less. Of all the men in Gettysburg he knew most about fighting.

Seeing him, Carl crossed the street, glancing back toward the Square as he walked. He fancied that there were more people about than usual, but perhaps he was mistaken. Or perhaps there was another causeless alarm.

"They say Lee has come North, Mr. Burns."

The old man regarded him with the amused tolerance of age for foolish youth.

"I guess not."

"They say he's up at Harrisburg."

"I guess not." Burns closed his eyes and elevated his feet to the railing.

"Mr. Clymer says so."

Burns opened his eyes.

"The storekeeper?"

"Yes."

"Why ain't you fighting?"

"I'll be eighteen next week, then I'm going."

"You look as though you could hit 'em hard." The old man rose, and, in spite of his scoffing, proceeded briskly up the street.

Carl had gone only a short distance when he was invited to ride. He was afterwards sorry that he accepted, for he could have outwalked the horse and perhaps he would have been invited into a more rapidly moving vehicle. Cashtown was eight miles away and his cousin Martha lived a half-mile beyond on a road which ran up into the deep woods. Behind him, clear to the Atlantic Ocean, the land was practically level; directly before him rose the first ridge of the Alleghanies and beyond were increasingly high hills which attained eventually the dignity of mountains.

The farmer was deaf and uncommunicative; he expressed no terror of an invasion and no interest in the war, and Carl was oc-

cupied by his own thoughts. It would soon be Saturday, then there would be only one more week to wait. He saw himself in uniform, his gun on his shoulder, his knapsack on his back, standing before Abraham Lincoln. His faith in Lincoln had strengthened; his dream of seeing him was no less dear. A year ago men had prophesied the speedy end of the war, but now no one could see the end. He had almost forgotten his desire to be a lawyer; until the war was over there could be no selfish planning.

At Cashtown he left his companion and struck off in the steep road to the right. Whatever the origin of its name, Cashtown had no sordid appearance. Beside the climbing road stood about a dozen houses and a church with a pretty spire. Oak and pine trees remained from the forest in which the town had originally been settled, the yards were green, the fences white, and there was over all an air of prosperity and comfort. From the street one could look back upon miles and miles of fertile lowlands. Carl gave the wide prospect but one glance before he

entered the woods; the beauty of nature still had to be put aside.

This branch of his family was not an interesting or a thrifty one. It did not belong quite to the type which Gettysburg called "mountaineers," but neither did it deserve to be described as thrifty or ambitious. The father had a small pension for his service in the Mexican War, and this was all their income. They still possessed and made use of primitive arts; they ground their own meal in a hand-mill, they spun wool for their clothing, and these and similar occupations kept the mother and four daughters busy.

It was the youngest, Selina, who was commonly called "Sliny," who had agreed to live with her great-uncle. Her father had an old horse and a rickety buggy, and Carl hoped to see them started on their way. He would walk; the thought of sitting close to the young lady or perhaps holding her on his knee made him blush to the roots of his hair. His ideal of womanhood was Mrs. Scoville and this young person did not in the least resemble her. He had not even written to Mrs. Sco-

ville, not knowing how, but he thought of her by the hour as he stood by Philip's grave. He often slipped into the cemetery on his way home and stood with bent head listening to the wind in the pines and spruces, as though he hoped to hear an echo of Philip's voice.

Alas, he was to have no chance to decline to ride with Selina! She had changed her mind, and her sisters who had shaken their heads at his first suggestion continued to shake them now. Selina was "afeared." No army would come up on "the tall heights," and she would stay with her pappy and mammy. Her sisters grinned and teased her, and one, bolder than the others, put their thought into words.

"We telled Sliny if she went down she might get a fine tall young man."

At this Pappy and Mammy and all their offspring laughed.

"Then you won't come?" said Carl, blushing.

Selina shook her head. She shook it slowly, but with regularity and determination as though she would in the end shake it off.

Carl uttered a curt "good-bye," and walked toward the door. They were surprised at his annoyance and urged him to have some corn whiskey, but he strode away.

Out of sight of the house he stood considering. Should he strike along the hill to the north and visit the family of his other cousin above Biglerville, or should he go home? Grandfather had believed from the beginning that the daughters of Caroline would be more efficient and enterprising, but he had asked here first and Selina had engaged to come. He looked up at the sky—it was about three o'clock, and disturbed by anxiety about Grandfather he decided to go home and visit Biglerville to-morrow His hands in his pockets, his troubled head bent, he started for the main road.

Then abruptly he stood still. A strange sound was borne to him on the gentle breeze —here in the thick woods he heard the unmistakable trampling of innumerable horses and the rattle of harness and the rumble of wagons. He could not, or rather he would not, believe his ears—this was delusion! But

he stepped back into the woods. What on earth could a large body of troops be doing in this lonely and unimportant road?

He could not deny that the sound grew louder and when he felt that the ground was vibrating, he raised his arms, lifted himself up and in a second sat on a substantial branch from which he could look down. His eyes widened to their utmost long before the first soldier came into sight.

The tramp of horses grew nearer, the creak of saddle and rattle of harness and arms grew louder. Suddenly the road was filled with men, both mounted and on foot. They laughed, but they were sorrowful to behold; their deep-set eyes showed lack of sleep, their lean bodies lack of nourishing food, their ragged uniforms a sad poverty. Only their tired voices were cheerful—Carl listened appalled to their boasts. Whence had they come? Whither were they going?

He had ample time to speculate. Many had passed when he began roughly to estimate their numbers; he guessed there must be at least five thousand. Clymer might be right;

if so, this was probably a small portion of a hovering and threatening multitude.

When all were gone he slid down, and going carefully through the woods approached Cashtown. There he found the residents in panic. He had encountered only part of the whole force which had divided, another mounted section riding toward Gettysburg. They, too, were hilarious, boastful and threatening—they had shouted that they were going to wipe out all the towns.

Now Carl got no chance to ride; the road, wet from recent rains and ground into deep ruts, was bare except for scattered articles, here a broken canteen, there a fragment of a broken shoe. Everywhere people beckoned from farmhouses, each anxious to tell his meager experience and his terrified impressions. He could not stop; evening was approaching and he expected to come upon a camp. But the troops had not halted.

He found Gettysburg also in panic. The troops had ridden in yelling wildly; they demanded money, shoes, meat, flour, whiskey, or instead five thousand dollars, but Gettysburg

had few supplies and had sent its money away. The citizens had tried to drive their horses into the country, but they had been too late and many had been taken. Now the enemy had gone on to York. There had been one fatality; George Sandoe, belonging to the untrained militia, had been shot. People were closing and barricading their shutters and a meeting had been called for the evening.

Carl could not stay to listen. Crossing the Square, he saw Mr. Clymer standing in the same place, as though he had not moved. He was shouting, "I told you so! I told you so!"

Along the Baltimore pike all was quiet. From each of the few houses a voice called to him to stop, and he shouted the news of the raid briefly and hurried on. For the last quarter of a mile he ran. Grandfather sat fingering his papers; he remembered the war and Abraham Lincoln, but he had forgotten the purpose of Carl's journey to the mountain and Carl could not make him understand. He looked up pitifully.

"You won't go away from me, will you?" Then, aware of his confusion, he said, "Of

course you must go! I'll be all right to-morrow."

Through Saturday and Sunday Grandfather continued to be unwell and no one came to the mill. Meanwhile the Fourth of July drew nearer and nearer. On Monday Carl was still afraid to leave to visit Biglerville, but on Tuesday Grandfather was better. He started so early that Gettysburg was not awake; since Friday seasons of repose had been short, and every one was exhausted. Heading north he looked in vain for some one to give him a ride. Farmers were driving in with their milk-cans, and everywhere there were men working in the fields, reaping the splendid wheat harvest, but there was no one driving toward Biglerville.

His errand was fruitless. These cousins were intelligent, and therefore more frightened.

"They say the Confederates are north of us and the Union Army is coming after them," said the oldest daughter. "There may be a battle any day. We'll stay here and stay together."

"If one of you would come down, I could go and help to fight them."

"That's your lookout." These were not good-natured like his other relatives; they behaved as though he had asked an impossible favor.

He was invited to ride back to town. The farmer was skeptical about the prospect of trouble and he doubted the testimony of the citizens as to the raid last Friday. Perhaps a few scouts had ridden by, but the Gettysburgians were cowards.

Carl listened as to a siren, almost forgetting the grim parade in the woods. As they entered Gettysburg he saw the same violent progression of citizens in one direction which he had seen many times.

"Everybody's running!"

"Of course," laughed the farmer. "That's what you do here."

"But listen! There's something going on over there to the right."

As if to oblige a child the farmer turned the horses into a side street and there the lines dropped from his hand and his lower jaw

seemed about to separate from its natural anchorage. Facing them, filling the street as far as the eye could see, were horsemen. These were not in ragged gray, but in blue; they were better-mounted, better-fed, in better condition, but no more hardy or brave. Over them floated the Stars and Stripes, and people were singing at the tops of their voices on the sidewalk. Sometimes the soldiers joined in, especially when the group was composed of pretty girls, but for the most part they looked straight ahead. On the curb stood Burns at attention, his deadly old gun fixed perpendicularly by his side. He saluted the officers and they saluted in return. At the corner the troops wheeled with the smoothness of long practice and rode out toward the Seminary.

It takes a long time for three thousand men to pass a given point, and Carl's companion came gradually to a new frame of mind.

"Get out, young man," he ordered excitedly. "I'm going home."

Carl was amused.

"Aren't you going to attend to your errand?"

"No," snapped the man sharply. "I'm going home. This is no place for peaceful people."

All through the town Carl heard sharp expressions of fear mingled with songs and jubilations.

"We're between 'em! Can't you understand we're between 'em?"

"We'll be ground to powder!"

"They won't hurt women and children."

"I'll bet there won't be one stone left on another."

Fortunately some one had sense enough to jeer at this grim prognostication, and in a moment every one was laughing hysterically.

Mrs. Eckenrode stood at her gate. She had heard the strange commotion—what was it? Carl explained and told her of the failure of his errand.

"Carl," said she, "we'll look after your grandfather. If he isn't satisfied to come up here, we'll go down there. When do you want to enlist?"

Carl could not keep back a rush of burning tears.

"This is Tuesday. I'll be eighteen on Saturday. I want to enlist that day."

"Well, you consider that settled."

Early on Wednesday morning Carl began to do chores at home. In the afternoon he and Eckenrode would harvest Eckenrode's two small fields of wheat. He said many times to himself, "This is the first of July; three days more and I shall be gone." So occupied was he with his own thoughts that the large body of gray-clad troops in the woods and the equally large body of blue-clad troops moving through the town became figures in a dream. This was Wednesday, and he was to be a soldier on Saturday—everything, he felt, would wait until then.

Several times before nine o'clock he went into his grandfather's room and looked at him. He had had breakfast, but had immediately fallen asleep and, it seemed unnatural for even so aged a person to sleep so long and so heavily.

At nine o'clock Carl heard a strange sound,

a low *boom,* like the echo of distant blasting, but he went on with his hoeing and his thoughts about his future. Presently he heard it again—this time it was a double sound, *boom, boom.* He laid down his hoe and walked toward the house. *Boom, boom, boom*—now it was a triple sound. Was it shooting? He remembered Hunt's absurd prediction about the slave-owners coming to string him up. What nonsense Hunt talked! He passed the house and went out the mill-road to the Baltimore pike.

The strange booming was now a little louder. Across on Power's Hill there was a tall tree, a spruce whose inner branches were dead. He ran thither, paused to get breath, and scrambled up. Exasperated, he saw that the portion of the landscape from which the sound came was hidden from him. The sound was still louder now; it was a steady *boom, boom, boom, boom.*

On Culp's Hill there was a higher tree, and Culp's Hill itself had a more commanding position. It took him fifteen minutes to reach there and ascend above the tops of the lower

trees; then astounded, he almost loosened his hold. The portentous sound came from the north and west, and there he saw its source—it emanated from rolling billows of smoke which shot out tongues of flame. Dark masses were moving close to the ground—they were masses of men. They moved into the smoke and out. Other oncoming hosts filled the roads to the south and west—would Gettysburg, as the fearful expected, be ground to powder?

Awed and fascinated as he was, he realized that he could not stay forever in the top of a tree. Recalling Grandfather's strange look, he became acutely uneasy and, climbing down with a last glance at the magnificent sight, he ran through the woods. He had gone only a short distance when he came upon the van of a new procession moving away from Gettysburg. Here once more were families and parts of families, babes in arms, little children holding to their mothers' skirts, old people doing their best to keep up with youth. Here was an old man in a wheelbarrow, pushed along by another old man. Here were colored

people, running desperately, the familiar terror fixed in their eyes. Carl went faster than any, a sob in his throat because he had not been eighteen long ago.

In the beautiful hollow there was but one sound, the rush and bubble of the stream swollen by heavy rains to a volume unusual for July. He looked at the quiet mill, and across at the peaceful woods and at the little log house, pleasant in the sunshine. Was it possible that he had heard the booming of cannon and had seen clouds of smoke and tongues of flame? The sound still echoed and it was heavier and more ominous. He entered the house and went into his grandfather's room.

"Grandfather!" he cried. "Grandfather!"

Grandfather opened his eyes.

"Yes," he answered, sitting up in bed. "Have you company in the mill?" His cheeks were flushed, and there was still an unnatural light in his eyes. He seemed to be struggling to say something important and he knitted his brow.

"You were always a good boy, Carl," he

said, and lay down once more and closed his eyes.

Carl gazed at him aghast. Everything grew quiet; he lost even the murmur of the stream. In the hush he heard again the roar of cannon, dulled and muffled by the distance. It seemed to travel in waves through the earth itself. He looked down at the helpless old man—suppose the fighting should come here!

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST DAY

Having watched his grandfather for a few moments, and having tried in vain to rouse him, Carl walked to the door and looked about. Still there was the same picturesque stream, the same fir-clad hill, the same sunshine. The sun had grown almost intolerably warm as though midsummer had come suddenly with its rise. Returning, he looked at the old man. It had been weeks since he had attempted to dress or even to rise unaided, and he could safely leave him for a little while. He must know which way the battle was going; it had appeared to him that the Union forces were holding Seminary Ridge against the assaults of the enemy who came from the west. Closing the doors, he started with his long lope through the woods to his observation point, and there, after pausing for breath, he climbed into the tall oak.

The position of the contending lines had

changed but little; they still extended along Seminary Ridge from north to south. There seemed to be more in the assaulting party than in the Union line, but the white smoke prevented him from judging accurately. He stood upon the highest branch which was safe, his arms clasped round the tapering trunk. Profoundly interested and excited, he wondered whether any other youth in the world had ever had a chance to watch so thrilling a scene from so lofty a point.

Again he grew uneasy and determined that he must go home. The distance to the mill seemed dangerously long. Some of the fleeing citizens might enter the house and terrify his grandfather. But still he clung with both his arms to the tree. Presently the noise slackened, the white smoke thinned, and his anxiety would let him stay no longer.

His grandfather was still asleep and still alone. The frightened procession did not halt here; it was too near the battle. Grandfather roused long enough to drink a cup of coffee, but he wished nothing to eat and he closed his eyes at once. He had heard nothing, he

wished only to rest, and Carl darkened the room and locked the door and went back to Culp's Hill. He had forgotten Eckenrode and his promise to help him; his mind was filled with the scene from his treetop.

He had looked at the clock in the kitchen and, after staring at it for some seconds, had fixed the time upon his mind—it was exactly half-past twelve. It must be about quarter to one when he looked out once more over the enormous stage.

What he saw brought a cry of delight to his lips. From the south new blue-clad troops were pouring in by the thousand. They came in the Emmittsburg and Taneytown roads; their van disappeared into Gettysburg and reappeared to the north of the town before the rear had entered. To the north the land was flat and open, and across it they marched. Carl was puzzled to know against what they were marching—why did they not go to the help of the brave men on Seminary Ridge? His question was answered at once. Out of the north came the enemy. He remembered the host he had seen in the woods and the host

which had terrified Gettysburg—they were returning, and in addition to the engagement on the ridge there was immediately another in the valley. Gettysburg was now half-surrounded by fiercely battling troops.

Carl did not know whether minutes or hours passed, but he knew that he must go home once more. His heart was filled with anxiety—he should be with his grandfather and at the same time he longed to see. Down in the hollow the procession of fugitives had ceased; the woods were as quiet as on any other summer day. He crossed the creek near Spangler's Spring and went along the bank. As he reached the dam the cannonading grew louder and he began to run.

Grandfather was still unchanged, but now that he was here he would watch him for a while. But when he had looked at his peaceful face and listened to his regular breathing, he decided that it was still safe to be away, and he went back. The unusual exercise of tree-climbing strained muscles which were unaccustomed to use, and he was growing tired, but he climbed up without stopping,

though his breath was short and his hold tremulous.

The battle continued on a long line. From the extreme right of the Confederate position beyond Seminary Ridge, to the extreme left far down in the valley to the north, must be at least two miles. The Union Army held a shorter line within. Unable to tell anything of the progress of the battle, he looked upon the slopes near at hand. Joining Culp's Hill was Cemetery Hill, and there a new sight met his eyes—soldiers were taking possession and turning it into a fortress. Embankments had been thrown up to protect cannon which were dragged into position by horses and men. There must be fifty, and they seemed to Carl gigantic. Even at the edge of the quiet cemetery itself batteries were being placed. Surely they would not fight over the graves of his father and mother and over Philip's grave!

He could never recall whether he made still another trip to the mill before he realized that this day at least was lost for the Union Army, or whether he remained clinging to his

perch for another long hour. He knew certainly that about the time the western sun began to make it necessary for him to shade his eyes with his hand he saw a dreadful sight.

Down in the plain to the north of the town the blue troops began to withdraw from the gray and then the gray to follow, Their progress was at first deliberate, almost dignified —it seemed a military maneuver. Suddenly there came a change, the Union step quickened —it was not possible that they turned their backs upon the enemy! They moved toward Gettysburg; there was no doubt that they were in rapid retreat. It was not the retreat of deliberate foresight, it was the retreat of desperation. As they had vanished in the town when they marched out to battle, so they vanished now returning. The foremost of the Confederates in pursuit disappeared close behind them.

As if to rest his anguished mind for an instant, Carl looked toward the west. But there he found no relief; there was the same alarming event. From Seminary Hill the Union troops were dropping back into Gettysburg

as into a pit. Moments passed during which his mind was paralyzed; he did not realize that those who had entered the town must either be destroyed or reappear. He looked back to the north—the field was occupied by Confederates. The crack of musketry was louder than the crash of cannon, and almost as loud as the musketry was the sound of human voices lifted in terror or in triumph.

Suddenly he almost lost his hold. Up the fortified slopes near him Union soldiers came rushing seeking refuge behind the earthworks and round the cannon. From the south came new Union forces; they received the worn and terrified troops and seemed to swallow them up as a great stream swallows rivulets. Riding back and forth on a tall horse a tall officer pointed with outstretched hand. Carl realized that he might see great men—not Lincoln, indeed, but generals whose names were almost as familiar. He had seen a picture of Hancock—this was he!

Hearing a noise beneath him, he looked down, but could see nothing through the thick foliage. Without another glance he descended

—suppose they should get between him and the mill and not allow him to return! At the bottom he stood still Hurrying groups of sappers with picks and axes were beginning to chop down trees and to dig in the ground—they were turning even Culp's Hill into a fortification! He looked round dumbfounded, then he laughed hysterically. Above his head a gray squirrel chattered furiously at this invasion of his home. No rage of battle could be more intense than that which was expressed by his angry bark.

Making his way from tree to tree and rock to rock, past the spring, then across the footbridge and down the stream, he lost the sound of the conflict. Quiet and peace became more real than confusion—had he dreamed that which he seemed to remember?

The hollow was already darkened by a twilight shadow. Grandfather seemed to be at once awake and not awake. He smiled at Carl, but he did not answer his questions except to say that he felt "very heavy." Carl prepared supper and fed his chickens and then sat on the doorstep. The noise had ceased

entirely; the sun had set and darkness would come quickly. Desperately tired he leaned his head against the frame of the door. The hollow was growing darker, but presently the bright moon would shine directly into it. His benumbed mind had taken in all a mind could hold, but there was much under his eyes which he had not seen, and he had not remembered that there must be within a few miles thousands of wounded and dying and dead men. He remembered only the smoke and the harsh sounds—they seemed to roll before his eyes and through his brain unendingly.

He was roused from his lethargy by a new sound. Not far away men were marching and horses were trampling. He started up—were they coming in the mill-road? They were not as near as that; they must be on the pike. It could not be that the Union Army had forsaken or had been driven from their fortified hill and were retreating still farther! He rose and ran down the road, going like the wind as he had run when he heard the bloodhounds approaching. When he climbed out of the hollow he saw first of all that here

the sunset glow lingered. He drew a quick breath; it was like coming up from a cool pit to come from the hollow to the road. He saw next that he had been right—the road was filled with Union troops. But they were marching forward, not away from Gettysburg. They extended as far as he could see in both directions, advancing slowly like tired men, but like strong men whom a rest would soon revive. His eyes searched their ranks with pain as though they sought for Philip. How strange if any of the other Gettysburg boys should come back to fight in their own streets or on the hills where they had played!

As he stood watching, the light darkened and he moved a little nearer. Turned into the mill-road was a covered wagon guarded by mounted soldiers which he recognized as an ambulance. There were other soldiers all about—afterwards he knew that they were deserters who had fled farther than Cemetery Hill. Some, meeting this new force, took courage and turned back, others fled into hiding and infamy. One of the stragglers, press-

ing close to the covered wagon, asked a question.

"What have you got there, buddy?"

The guard bent down from his horse; there was fright in his voice and a triumphant relief because he had been assigned to this safe duty.

"General Reynolds was killed this morning. We're taking his body to Baltimore."

Presently the ranks thinned and the ambulance swung back into the road. It was almost night now even in the open. All about were moving men, some going the right way, others the wrong way. The earth seemed to have a queer reeling swing as though it vibrated under the thud of marching.

Drawn by a new sound Carl walked toward the south, keeping in the woods and parallel with the pike. On the opposite side in the open fields a vast park of wagons was forming. Here was the ammunition, here the food for the countless host. Camp-fires were being lighted, companies of soldiers were eating as they stood, as though to get it over quickly and be ready for whatever happened next. Here and there men were lying supine or

prone, in attitudes of complete exhaustion. They were asleep before their bodies touched the ground and thunder could not waken them, but a single sharp word and they would be on their feet.

Returning to the house he set out again, this time toward Culp's Hill. The moon was up now and he made his way easily among the rocks. Hearing a sound, he stood motionless, remembering that it was night and he was surrounded by soldiers on guard against their enemies. He might at this moment be in danger of his life—a picket would not wait to shoot. He heard voices and lay down close to and under the shelter of a slightly overhanging rock. Footsteps came nearer, then paused and, in the silence he grew nervous. These were his own troops, he was foolish to be afraid; what he should do was to make himself known quickly and quietly and perhaps he could do something for the cause of the Union.

This happy thought brought him to his knees. He was about to speak, intending to keep himself protected by the rock until they

should understand who he was, when he heard a voice near at hand, a voice which he knew instantly. He remained crouched, listening trembling to its familiar tones, at once sharp and smooth and hateful.

"I know every inch of it," said Edward Hunt. "I've sent in maps of this whole section. The Union wagon train is within an eighth of a mile of this spot. Capture that and the battle is as good as won."

There was no answer.

"Down here in the hollow there's an old house and a mill, of which you can take possession. The mill was a station of the Underground Railroad. There's a fool of a boy there who has helped hundreds of slaves to get away. The wagon train is almost in sight of the mill.

Still there was no answer. Hunt's tone sharpened.

"You don't mean to say you won't do anything!"

"It's too easy," answered a deep voice. "It's a trap. They wouldn't be such fools."

"But they don't know you've come round the hill!"

"Too easy," said the voice again.

Hunt swore, then the footsteps receded. Carl remained lying on the ground; there was no other sound and he sank into a stupor. He was too exhausted to comprehend all that he had heard, or to understand that for a moment his life had been worth next to nothing, and he scarcely knew that he dragged himself home and after looking at Grandfather, lay down on the settle in the kitchen. He felt a grave uneasiness, a prodding consciousness of something he must do, but his muscles refused to obey the command of his will. He closed his eyes, and in an instant was in a sleep almost as deep as death.

Outside the moon shone brilliantly. Not a leaf stirred; all the little animals seemed to be asleep. The hollow was as it had been since the house and the mill were built. Except for the presence of the house and the mill and the rush of water over the breast of the dam, it was as it had been when beavers built their

more interesting dams with tree-trunks and clay.

But for miles round thousands of men were marching and getting into line and placing cannon ready to kill their fellow-men, and perhaps wondering in their hearts whether to-morrow's beautiful moon would look down upon their own sound and living bodies.

CHAPTER IX

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT LAST

CARL woke with a start, jumped from the settle and stepped into his grandfather's room. He had no recollection of the night except that he had gone in twice to look at the old man. His exertion of the day before and his broken rest had caused him to sleep late; glancing at the clock, he saw, at first without being willing to believe, that it was already eight. The house and all the surroundings were quiet, except for the never-ending murmur of the stream.

The old man lay quietly in the position in which he had last seen him. His face was flushed and his breathing heavier, but Carl thought the one was merely the flush of sleep and the other natural. Could it be true that yesterday he had seen great armies fighting? Could it be true that Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill were turned into fortifications with breastworks and cannon? Could it be true

that the Union troops held the Baltimore pike and that all round through the woods Confederates were prowling, led by Edward Hunt who had made maps for them? Of course Edward Hunt made maps—he had seen him at it himself not a hundred yards away. It was doubtless a map which dropped from his pocket when Maggie poked him with her gun.

Carl went to the door and looked out. Here was the rock-strewn stream, yonder the steep pine-clad bank, to his left the dam, to his right the mill and the vanishing road. There was no sound or sight of human occupancy. What if the Confederates led by Hunt had captured the Union trains in the night? He had slept hour after hour, but soldiers did not sleep. Shaking his head, at once incredulous and appalled, he started down the road.

He had gone but a short distance when he began to hear a murmur deeper than the stream, made up of many different and unmusical elements, the restless motion of horses, the clink of harness, the commands of men. When he climbed out of the hollow, he saw with a thrill of amazement that all was as

he had remembered it. Hundreds of wagons stood in orderly array; soldiers moved about busily or sat in idleness which was as important as activity, gathering strength for what might be their last effort. Upon the perpetually moving scene the July sun beamed brightly; at present its rays were merely cheerful, in another half-hour they would be cruel.

As he stood amazed he was hailed roughly.

"What do you want?"

"I want to speak to an officer."

"Why aren't you in the army?"

"I'll be eighteen on Saturday, then I'm going."

"I enlisted when I was sixteen."

Carl's face burned. This was Thursday; he needed to wait only till Saturday.

"I want to speak to an officer," he said again. "I have something important to tell."

The soldier called a companion who escorted him to an officer sitting under a tree. He explained that he lived in the hollow and related the conversation he had heard, and at once the officer summoned another whom he called

THE OFFICER SUMMONED ANOTHER WHOM HE CALLED MAJOR

Major, and they went back with him to the mill.

"The Union troops are on Culp's Hill, but the Confederates are all round the bottom."

Standing outside the house, close to the window of Grandfather's room, they asked questions about the stream and the hills and then about Carl.

"Do you live here alone?"

"No. I live with my grandfather. He's old and ill."

The major turned his head to listen.

"He's very ill," he said.

Startled, Carl heard the deepened breathing.

"He didn't breathe like that when I left a few minutes ago. I haven't had any experience with sickness and I have no one to help me. Would you come in and see him?"

The major stepped over the threshold at once.

"He's a surgeon," explained his companion. "Perhaps he can give you some advice."

The surgeon looked down at the old man, his hand on his wrist, then he shook his head

and turned to Carl kindly and pityingly.

"His conscious troubles are over."

"Do you mean he won't live?" cried Carl.

"Not beyond to-morrow."

"Can you tell me what I shall do for him?"

"Nothing but stay here with him. His breathing will grow a little worse, perhaps, before the end, but he won't be aware of it. If we remain where we are now and it's possible, I'll come again."

Again the murmur of the stream made itself heard. Carl remembered man's necessity for food and ate his breakfast; then he sat by the window in Grandfather's room. Presently he rose and covered him a little more carefully and went back to the window. He could see only the stream and the hill. He went into the kitchen and looked at the clock. It was not yet ten. Surely the battle would continue—why did it not begin?

Again he sat at the window and again he rose and walked restlessly about. This time he went to the kitchen door and looked up the stream. Through an aperture in the thick foliage he could see across the dam and his

quick eyes detected two moving, gray-clad figures. If Hunt was with them, he remained hidden. He had a wild impulse to shoot—he believed his pepper-box would carry that far; but his better judgment restrained him. It was not his business to open battle; a single shot might disarrange important plans.

When the gray-clad figures vanished into the mass of green, he gave a glance at Grandfather and ran up the road. The Union soldiers had come nearer; there were hundreds on this side of the pike and in the woods, all in regular formation. Whether it was by his advice or not, they were prepared to meet the enemy. The Confederates were now a few hundred yards to his left, the Union troops a few hundred to his right.

Back at Grandfather's bedside, he looked round the little house; it seemed very frail and small. He moved closer to the bed and laid his hand on Grandfather's; it was warm and he felt comforted. He realized that he had forgotten to look at the clock and returned to the kitchen. It was now almost noon, and still everything was quiet. An hour passed

and then another and still everything was quiet.

Late in the afternoon the kindly surgeon returned. His face showed that Grandfather's condition was as he had expected it to be.

"Shan't I try to give him something to eat?"

The surgeon shook his head.

"He couldn't take anything."

"Is the battle over?"

"By no means. The fighting has just begun again. You can't hear in this hollow. It's southwest from here, in front of a pointed hill."

"Round Top?"

"That may be its name. There's no other hill in that direction."

"If we only win!"

"Yes," said the surgeon. "I'll come again to-night if I can, but there's nothing to be done. You're not likely to be in danger here; there will certainly be no artillery engagement in this narrow gorge. Have you enough to eat?"

"Yes," said Carl.

It was five o'clock, then six, then seven, then eight. Carl read until it was too dark to see, in order to relieve his nervousness. He could comprehend words and sentences, but he could not connect one sentence with another. Laying down his book, he saw a figure dimly outlined in the doorway and jumped as though he had been shot; the world seemed to be occupied by ghosts, who came and went silently and even fought silently.

"The doctor wants to know how you're gettin' on," said a pleasant voice.

"There isn't any change," replied Carl. "Has there been a battle?"

"You bet there has, and a bad one," said the Irishman. "They're bringin' the wounded back by the thousand. But we held our own."

"Do you think it's over?" Carl came and stood close to his visitor for the sake of human companionship.

"No," was the answer. "I think it's—"

If the Irishman meant that he thought it was going to begin, he was right, though it was not likely that he could have known that it would begin so soon, or so near. There was

a cracking of musketry not far away; the Confederate troops were, as Carl had guessed, round the foot of Culp's Hill and now they were trying to ascend.

"You think—" repeated Carl in a shout.

The Irishman was gone as though he were himself propelled from a gun. Carl stood alone; back of him in the inner room lay Grandfather as oblivious as though he were dead; over all shone the round moon. There was nothing to be seen, neither smoke nor tongues of fire, but sight could have added little to the message of rage carried by sound. It seemed impossible that Grandfather should not hear. His immobility made Carl realize for the first time that he would hear and see no more forever; that he was almost gone from him as Philip was gone. He thought of Philip; as he and his companions had charged up the heights of Fredericksburg, so the Confederates were now charging up Culp's Hill. They could not take it; it was impossible to take it! He sat quietly beside the bed listening. It was presently ten o'clock, then eleven. At midnight all grew quiet, but

Carl realized no more than the old man.

At last, cramped and weary, he awoke. A pale daylight filled the room and he strained his eyes to see the face on the pillow—the unnatural color was less bright, the breathing softer, the old hand still warm. Perhaps the doctor was mistaken and he would not die.

He realized that it was a sound which had wakened him—the firing had begun again on Culp's Hill, the Confederates were not yet repulsed. He went into the kitchen and looked at the clock—it was past five. Had the engagement lasted all night or was it being renewed after an interval? He put the coffeepot on the stove and got out the bacon. While they cooked he walked up and down, into Grandfather's room and out, to the door and back. The noise grew louder, the hands of the clock moved at an interminably slow pace; it seemed as though the revolution of the world had stopped, but as though noise would go on forever.

It was now seven o'clock, now eight—the sound was less regular and perhaps less loud, but it continued. At nine, Carl leaped from

his chair—there was a shot close at hand! He looked toward the mill and up the road and could see nothing. He looked toward the dam; a force in gray advanced. Hunt's advice had been taken, a regiment was coming down along the stream. He seized his pistol, then he looked back over his shoulder into the inner room. Summary vengeance was imposed on houses from which civilians shot at troops and he could not risk any danger to the old man. He lowered his hand.

But there were other watchers. From behind the mill there came a shot and a gray figure plunged into the stream. At once there was a fusillade and the Union soldiers rushed up the road; he saw one pitch forward, then another, but they advanced steadily and more gray figures fell than blue. The gray troops did not linger, but withdrew quickly leaving a motionless object here, another there. If this was an experiment made upon Hunt's advice, they had found that the enemy was not as stupid as he thought.

Hilarious over their victory, the Union troops began to gather up their wounded,

meanwhile making light of their injuries.

"You're not badly hurt—only a finger. You can do everything but play the piano."

"You'll have a pretty dimple in your cheek, Tom, but you're a married man and it won't do you any good."

The Irishman who had visited Carl yesterday came to ask about Grandfather; then he, too, followed his mates. In a few minutes everything was as quiet as though there had been no battle.

Twelve o'clock came and Carl walked to the door. Still everything was quiet; in the bright sunshine not a leaf quivered. But on the other side of the stream a blue object was moving slowly. It was a Union soldier, wounded and overlooked, creeping toward the water. The side of his face was red and his left hand hung helpless. As he reached the stream he pitched forward.

Carl glanced at Grandfather, then leaped across the room and out the door. He ran down to the bank and sprang from rock to rock. The shock of the water had roused the wounded man, but he could not lift himself

out alone and Carl helped him up. A bullet had ploughed along the side of his head and another had broken his arm. He seemed dazed; it would be impossible for him to cross on the rocks. Fortunately the stream was only waist-deep, and supported by Carl's arm he made his way over. On the doorstep he fell, and Carl ran into the kitchen for water to bathe his face. Kneeling beside him he heard the sharp crack of a musket and felt a stabbing pain. He looked up, unable to account for either the sound or the sensation. He glanced down, there was a hole in the top of his shoe from which the blood began to ooze.

Exerting all his strength he dragged the wounded man into the kitchen and closed the door, shutting out the sunshine and the lovely foliage and the rippling water. There were no soldiers to be seen, either blue- or gray-clad, except this single suffering creature, but the shot had come from close at hand.

Again there was a sound. It was now exactly one o'clock; Grandfather's clock made the little whirr which preceded its striking.

Carl glanced toward the inner room—he must see to Grandfather, then he must do what he could for this poor man on the floor. He realized with amusement that he himself was on the floor; in a sitting position he had dragged the man in, and still sitting he had pushed the door shut. Suddenly he laughed hysterically—he had forgotten the simple process of rising. He remembered how to put one foot to use, but he could not remember what to do with the other. He looked down—there was a pool of blood on the floor. He examined his sole—there, too, was a wound. His throat contracted in a whimper as reaction set in and nerves began to carry the message of his serious hurt to his brain.

Then, unuttered, the whimper was checked by a great sound. All the night and all the morning men had been arranging cannon in line like angry beasts held in cages until their time came. They had been placed, moved a little, apparently settled, then shifted to right or left or forward or backward. Each had had his appointed enemy, each had his keepers. At this moment, suddenly and des-

perately, they leaped as wild beasts leap at each other's throats. They leaped roaring, and all the conscious and living men for miles and miles heard. There were thousands who did not hear, who lay on the field or who were gathered in crowded hospital tents, and here in this little house there were two who did not hear—Grandfather who would hear no more, and the unconscious stranger. Even Carl heard only a little, for a beast of a different kind seemed to leap in his body, and struggle was vain. He thought of nothing, neither of the sound, nor of the mysterious origin of his wound. Nor did he remember any more that to-morrow was his birthday and that he was going to war.

Afterwards he could recall nothing that happened for many hours. When he woke he lay upon the settle. The door was closed into Grandfather's room and there was a familiar figure moving about and a familiar voice speaking.

"I'll have to hurt you, Carl," said Eckenrode. "This wound must be cleaned out."

"How's Grandfather?" Carl asked faintly.

"His troubles are over and the battle's won. Now, Carl, I'll have to hurt you." Eckenrode himself seemed nervous. "There are pieces of your stocking and shoe in the wound. It won't take very long. I'll do my best."

"I hear a strange noise," whispered Carl.

"It's rain and wind."

Carl pressed his hand to his forehead. The sun had been shining brightly only a few minutes ago, he was certain; but now the light was gray.

"What day is it?" he asked in confusion.

Eckenrode took firm hold of the swollen foot.

"It's the Fourth of July, Carl," he answered, trying to be jovial. "Now stand it as well as you can. This was a queer place for a bullet to hit you. Did it come from the sky?"

"I don't know," said Carl. He said over and over again between waves of pain, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know."

CHAPTER X

THREE JOURNEYS

CARL went slowly up the road. It was now the last day of September and he was venturing away from the mill for the first time since the last day of June. He used two crutches manufactured by himself, and, though the process of walking was slow and awkward, it was no longer very painful. Eckenrode had dressed his wound as carefully and as thoroughly as he knew how, but a fragment of cloth or leather had been left and his foot had become infected.

In addition he had had battle-field fever which swept over the community at the first attempt to open ten thousand graves. There were graves everywhere, in open fields, in the fence corners, on the hard soil of Round Top, in the soft ground along the creeks. Some were trenches which had been dug to the depth of six feet; others were merely shallow pits.

On the nineteenth of November the sloping

field adjoining the Evergreen Cemetery was to be dedicated as a general burying-place for all the Northern dead whose bodies were not removed by their friends. There would be row upon row, circle upon circle. Edward Everett, the leading orator of the country, was to pronounce a eulogy. President Lincoln had been invited along with scores of other celebrated persons, but he had been offered no place on the programme and he was not expected to attend.

The day was cool, and Carl found his necessarily slow pace uncomfortable. The road looked strange; the undergrowth along the edge had been cut out and familiar trees felled to make room and provide fuel for the army. Some of the fields were tramped so hard that no grass had grown upon them and fences still lay prone, their owners not having gained ambition to build them up. Even to non-combatants the shock was hard to recover from; the sight of vast bodies of men, bent upon killing, the thunder of artillery, the presence of multitudes of wounded, the consciousness of woe smiting ten thousand homes—all

caused grief and depression and in some cases melancholy amounting almost to madness.

Toward the Eckenrode house Carl glanced wistfully and then looked away quickly. Luther Eckenrode had died in Andersonville Prison and his death had affected his father's mind. He had waited upon Carl faithfully so long as it was necessary, but there was always a questioning look in his eyes. He often said, as if thinking aloud, "This was a queer place to be wounded, Carl," and Carl always answered, "Yes." Once trying to joke in the midst of his pain, he said, "It looks almost as though I had shot myself." Then he turned pale, imagining for an instant that there was an answering flash in Eckenrode's eyes. But that was nonsense!

As he passed the gate-house he turned his head, hoping the sexton would not see him. It might be necessary to stop to rest as he came back, but he did not wish to enter the gate now. Grandfather lay under the pine trees, not far from Philip, having been buried a few days after the battle by Eckenrode and the sexton and the minister in a coffin Ecken-

rode and the sexton had made. All available coffins had been used for officers of high rank whose bodies could be identified.

Pretty Jennie Wade had been buried also, killed by a stray shot as she stood baking bread, and a few citizens had died from shock. Individual calamities meant little; at another time the news of Grandfather's death and his own illness would have brought kindly women with help, but now there was neither time nor effort to spare for one boy who was not fatally injured.

Constable Burns had become famous in a day. After he had seen the Federal Cavalry ride by, saluting and being saluted, he had gone home and had cleaned his gun and filled the cowhorn in which he carried his powder. In the morning at the first sound of battle he hung the cowhorn round his neck, laid his gun on his shoulder, and, dressed in his bright blue coat and tall hat, went out to fight. Refusing to step into the shelter of the woods, he was lightly wounded four times and was commended in the report of a general.

Maggie Bluecoat had spent the days of the

battle on the street, indifferent to danger and impertinent to the Confederates who held the town. The use of the Scoville house as a hospital enraged her, but she could do nothing, and on the whole there had been little danger.

When he had passed the Cemetery and the little town lay spread before him, Carl stood leaning on his crutches and looking down. He was suddenly very weary and he halted to rest and also to consider the object of his journey which was to speak to the Burgess about Edward Hunt. All through the delirium from his wound and the dull heaviness of the low fever he had been possessed by the recollection of the rendezvous of Hunt and the Confederates. It was impossible to tell why Hunt had not been arrested long before the battle; the authorities must know that he was a spy and that he would aid the enemy in every way.

When he became thoroughly conscious, Carl ceased to worry, because Hunt, according to Eckenrode, had vanished. Perhaps he had been killed, but more likely he had gone South with the army. Yesterday Eckenrode

reported that he was back; he had seen him walking the streets as nonchalantly as ever and laughing when people talked about the South being beaten. He said the army had with-drawn, but it had not been beaten and it had taken home enough supplies to last for months. It was true that General Lee had not been pursued and taken as the North expected, and, in spite of moves and counter-moves, the Northern army made no further headway.

After resting for a few minutes, Carl walked a few yards and then rested again. His foot ached and burned and he decided that he would see the doctor after he had completed his business with the Burgess.

The Burgess looked at him with amazement.

"Aren't you Carl Mottern?"

"Yes."

"What has happened to you? I thought you'd gone to war."

"I was shot during the battle," explained Carl.

"When?"

"About noon on the third day."

"Where?"

"At home."

"I thought all the troops were out of there by the middle of the morning."

"One was left." Carl tried to speak lightly.

The Burgess looked down.

"How did you get shot straight through your foot?"

Carl explained awkwardly. It was hard to confess to having a wound in his foot when he had dreamed of falling in a charge shot to the heart. He went quickly on to tell about Edward Hunt. To his surprise the Burgess listened with indifference. He had a stolid face and quiet ways, and he sat with his finger-tips pressed together and said nothing.

"He was there, helping them!" said Carl earnestly. "I heard every word."

The Burgess rubbed his hands together and rose.

"It's a little hard to be certain about things like that at night and when one is excited. If I were you I wouldn't say too much about it."

Carl rose also, his face deathly pale. The

Burgess did not look at him, and without saying good-bye he went down the steps.

At the doctor's he had another blow.

"Your foot will get well; that is, you'll have the use of it, but you'll limp a bit always. How did you get a wound in the top of your foot? The bullet must have come directly from above?"

"I was kneeling," explained Carl, confused again. "I saw a wounded man and I tried to get him to the house. I want to tell you something, Doctor. I told the Burgess and he wouldn't believe me. The first night of the battle, Hunt was out there guiding the Confederates. I saw and heard every word. They tell me he's round here again. He ought to be arrested."

Into the doctor's eyes came the same veiled look that had come into the eyes of the Burgess.

"It's very hard to be certain about those things," he said, going to the door to let in the next patient. "You take these pellets and keep off your foot for a few weeks more and then come to see me. Keep on with your

crutches. How is it"—Carl knew the same question was coming—"how is it you weren't in the army yourself?"

"I wasn't old enough till the Fourth of July, then I couldn't go."

"I see," said the doctor, as though, measuring Carl's height, he could not see at all.

Walking blindly, Carl almost collided with a pedestrian. He lifted his head—Edward Hunt stood before him, his hands in his pockets. He was thinner and paler and there was something savage and disappointed and uneasy in his scornful face.

"Thought you were going to fight."

Carl said nothing. He stepped to one side to pass, but Hunt stepped to that side also.

"You took my advice, then?"

"I never took any advice of yours," Carl said thickly.

"Didn't you? Remember Joshua Lang who lamed himself? I expected the actual sight of warfare would be too much for you."

Carl tried to put all his weight on one crutch and to lift the other. They were equal

now; both were lame and he had the additional handicap of weakness.

Suspecting his intention, Hunt slipped to the side and went round him chuckling. Carl's effort swung him about and when he regained his balance Hunt was half a square away. There he stopped again, and standing with his hands in his pockets talked to Mr. Clymer. He was pointing to Carl and laughing.

Days passed before Carl recovered from his unwise exertion. Then he wrote to Mr. Scoville, saying to himself that there were two human beings of whose loyalty he could be sure, Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Scoville. He had coupled them before as examples to imitate, but now his ambition was dead. He had but one desire—to have Edward Hunt punished.

On the eighteenth of October, he was able to make a second journey to town in order to post his letter. He could trust it to no one. The day was bright and beautiful, but there was no brightness in his heart. On the way he met Henry Dalton's mother. Henry was gone also, and his mother was slightly out of

her mind. He had been reported missing in June, and all through the battle she had nursed the wounded. There had been twenty men in her house and seven had died there. When the battle was over, she had gone daily to the general hospital, hoping that if Henry were wounded and ill, some one would care for him as she cared for these strangers. The fatal telegram had not been delivered to her door till September.

"Carl," she said sharply, "you didn't shoot yourself, did you?"

"I shoot myself!" cried Carl. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Dalton's thoughts had already wandered and she could not tell what she meant.

"You must explain," insisted Carl. "I was wounded by a stray shot. What do you mean?"

Mrs. Dalton looked at him with an absent stare. He saw that her neighbor was listening and that another woman had stopped across the street. Their faces were questioning and dark.

"What do you mean?" he demanded again, desperately.

Mrs. Dalton went in and closed the door and the other women vanished. He saw the abstracted looks of the Burgess and the doctor, then, like a flash of lightning illuminating a dark sky, the amused, vicious eyes of Hunt. Wild with anger he limped home. There was still one person who would help him—Mr. Scoville.

On the fourth of November he went into town for the third time, now to the postoffice for Mr. Scoville's answer. He had said nothing about his injury or his illness or his grandfather's death, but had told only about Hunt.

"On the night of the first day I overheard Edward Hunt trying to guide the Confederates to the Union wagon trains. I can tell all about it and I can swear to it. He went away after the battle, but he has come back. He's a spy and dangerous!" He would have liked to add, "Philip knew what he was," but he could not allude to Philip.

"He will surely answer," he said many

times each day. This morning he changed it to "He surely has answered."

Standing at the brow of the hill he hesitated once more, afraid of people's eyes. He looked toward his right at the torn fields, then to his left where in the plot which was to be the National Cemetery there were men measuring and planning. Engineers and landscape gardeners were laying out the wide space. A heavy wagon loaded with long yellow boards was being driven across the rough sod—those must be boards for the platform from which Mr. Everett would deliver his address. At last he decided to go on; he would speak to no one and he hoped no one would speak to him.

But he was not to get off so easily. He had Mr. Scoville's letter in his hand and with flushed cheeks was about to leave the post-office when again Hunt stood in his way. He looked excited and even more angry and he said, "Well, how's Joshua Lang?" But he did not linger in Carl's neighborhood; he entered the post-office and shut the door.

Trembling Carl walked away. He could

walk more swiftly now, and if the way had not been so long he would have left one crutch at home. He was so anxious to read his letter that he did not glance across the Square where his imagination still pictured a beautiful face at the window. If he had, he might have seen that the house was open to the sunshine and that beside Maggie two other women were going from room to room. He heard, as though it were an echo from another world, a familiar sound, "When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum." But it was only an echo.

Other wagons loaded with bright boards were going out Baltimore Street and he realized with satisfaction that he could walk as fast as the horses. The doctor had been positive that he would always limp, but might he not be mistaken? Might he not do something for his country? At least he had reported Edward Hunt.

Passing the rocky field where the cemetery was to be, he glanced in. There were now not only workmen there, there were gentlemen, several of whom wore high silk hats.

They stood watching the boards being unloaded. The dedication was to be an important occasion, which would draw thousands, and naturally they wished to be sure that everything was right.

On the steps of the gate-house he sat down. He opened the envelope with difficulty and held the single sheet in a shaking hand. The sheet was large and the single line of writing small. It said:

DEAR SIR,—

Your communication has been received and filed.

Very truly yours
H. M. SCOVILLE

There was nothing else, though he stared at the white sheet for a long time. There was nothing on the back, though he turned it over. There was neither "I hope you are well," nor a mention of Grandfather. He remembered how Mr. Scoville had stood with his hand on Grandfather's shoulder. Was there no affection or rememberance in men's hearts?

After a long time, he rose stiffly and walked

into the cemetery, and stood for a moment by Grandfather's grave, then by Philip's. When he turned to go home, he believed that there was one living being who could be trusted and that was Abraham Lincoln.

Under the thick archway he encountered the sexton. He was a good-natured soul, his brother was still safe, and he had endured the shock and trials of the summer better than most of the citizens. Now he was excited; he walked fast and his face glowed.

"Carl!" he said explosively, "you can't guess what's going to happen."

"No," answered Carl dully, "I can't."

The sexton looked at him, then laughed. He took him by the shoulders and turned him round.

"See that platform? You can't guess who's to stand there on the nineteenth."

"I know who's to stand there—Edward Everett."

The sexton laughed.

"You don't know, either. Old Abe's going to stand there."

Carl looked down at the short figure.

"No, he isn't." His voice said, "Don't *you* trick me, too!"

"But he is. A letter came yesterday."

"Not Abraham Lincoln!" Carl's head grew dizzy and his eyes swam.

"Yes, Abraham Lincoln. You come early and get a good place."

Now Carl walked much more slowly than the horses, his head bent. He tore up Mr. Scoville's letter and tossed the fragments to the side of the road.

"I'm lame and poor and uneducated and my future is dark," he said aloud. "But I shall see Abraham Lincoln."

CHAPTER XI

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

CARL hoped to dispense with one crutch the next time he went up the road and to that end he carefully conserved his strength. But as the nineteenth of November approached, though he was better, he realized that he might be caught in a crowd or have to stand a long time and that he would be wise to continue with two. He had put on a few pounds of flesh beyond those necessary to sustain life and there was a little color in his cheeks. He believed that he could support himself by increasing his stock of chickens until the sawmill business revived. The war must end before many months. He tried not to be unhappy, but sometimes his dreaming thoughts carried him to forbidden places, and he saw himself with a knapsack on his back, or in court pleading some great cause. One dream, he knew when he woke, was as foolish as the other.

Gettysburg was already crowded with visitors. There were scores of important men coming, the Secretary of State, congressmen and governors, officers on leave, and thousands upon thousands of curiosity-seekers who wished not only to see the living, but to look curiously at the miles of torn fields with their often ill-covered dead. Canteens and knapsacks, holsters and fragments of clothing lay strewn about and here and there more gruesome relics of the struggle.

The evening of the eighteenth was clear, and walking to the pike Carl believed he could hear the echoes of music. He seemed to hear also a deep voice behind him saying, "Go and get the news, Carl. Get the news." He saw himself three years ago, speeding up the hills, racing down, thinking of Philip and of Abraham Lincoln. Now he was bound as if by chains.

At dawn on the nineteenth he looked upon a cloudy sky and with a heavy heart began to dress. Before he finished his breakfast the sky cleared. He considered again doing without one crutch, but again thought better of

it. At eight o'clock he started toward the cemetery. He did not have the road to himself; though it was but one of many roads to Gettysburg there were hundreds of travelers upon it riding and driving and on foot. He got no chance to ride; all the vacant seats in carriages and wagons had been filled long since. People looked at him curiously, wondering, he knew, why, since he was obviously wounded, he was not in uniform.

In the citizens' cemetery hundreds of visitors were walking round and some were weeping. Philip Scoville's grave and Jennie Wade's and many others had flags on them and Philip's was covered with hothouse roses, a strange sight on that November day. The sun was warm and the frost had not touched them. Carl thought of Mrs. Scoville with a swelling heart.

It was ten o'clock, and the procession had not yet formed in the Square when Carl limped toward the platform. Already he had to make his way through a crowd, but it was not yet dense. Every minute added to it, and a company of soldiers was directing the new-

comers. Thousands were coming up the street and across the open space, and the soldiers had hard work to keep them from reserved sections, and to make it clear that in some portions of the field there were hallowed spots upon which they dared not, and would not wish to step.

At half-past ten there was a loud cry, "They are coming!" and fifteen minutes later another shout, then the faint sound of music. But there were no mounted figures and the music was still distant. Eleven o'clock passed before the procession drew near.

Grateful for his crutches, Carl leaned heavily upon them, his eyes fixed on the hill up which the procession would come. He saw flags flying, heard military bands, saw soldiers on foot and mounted, officers and their staffs, then a group of mounted men in black clothes. His eyes sought one and then the other and at last were wholly satisfied. He looked only at the tall figure while the bands played, the people sang, the orator spoke at almost interminable length. He saw no one else with his physical eyes, but as a back-

ground a procession moved within his brain—Philip, Henry Dalton, Luther Eckenrode, who had given their lives, Mrs. Scoville who had given what was doubtless more than life. Last and longest of all he saw an old man, reading late at night and early in the morning and begging for news.

"They want to break it up," he had said again and again. "The best government in the world, but they want to break it up."

Suddenly he started. The orator had closed his noble speech, the singers had sung a long selection, and quiet had fallen. The weary who had moved away moved back, and those who had stood upon one foot shifted to the other. In the deep silence a clear voice began to speak; it was as though Grandfather had found a new eloquence.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

"The best government in the world, Carl!" Grandfather had said a hundred times. "The

best government in the world. And they'd break it up. They're brave men, Carl, but they're mistaken men, and they'd break it up."

Tears were running down Carl's cheeks, he scarcely breathed, and almost breathless he heard in a few moments the last words.

"It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us . . . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Carl believed confidently and happily that it would not perish.

Among the thousands of hands stretched up went his, to lie for an instant were Philip's had lain, and he had a glance of the dark eyes. As the procession turned toward the town, he limped away—this was enough, he would go home.

The way was long and he was very tired, but he kept on steadily. Leaving the pike at

last, he turned into the mill-road, empty and quiet, and descended toward the mill. Already the shadows were lengthening and the bright light in the depths of the ravine was taking on a dim and lovely color. He looked at the race and remembered the crouching frog-like figures—he had helped them and he had helped many others. He passed the mill and, looking across the stream, remembered the Union soldier he had rescued—perhaps he had saved his life. It might also be that his warning had sent the Union troops to meet the Confederates at the mill. He had, after all, much to be thankful for.

When he entered the house, happiness was suddenly chilled. It was cold, the fire was out, the meager fare in the cupboard was not such as would put heart into a cold and hungry and tired boy. The place looked disorderly in spite of all he could do; he had no talent for housekeeping. But he determined to be cheerful; he would make a fire and brew strong coffee, and afterwards he would get out Philip's letters and read them through and Philip would seem to come back.

He carried out his intention bravely, doing everything slowly so that the work might last long. But he knew he could not make it last long enough; by and by there would be nothing to do, and then the hollow would grow dark, and his thoughts heavy. He would remember Edward Hunt's mockery and Mrs. Dalton's vague stare and Eckenrode's averted eyes. He wondered whether of all the thousands whom he had seen that day there was any one who like himself had no one except Abraham Lincoln. He laid the package of letters on the table, but he did not open them.

Twilight was changing into night when he heard the sound of hoof-beats. He was startled; since they had taken Grandfather away, no one had ridden in to the mill. Perhaps this was some one to ask him to saw wood—could he, possibly, manage He opened the kitchen door and looked out.

But here was no heavily mounted farmer; here were four men on tall riding-horses. They had a military air, though they were not in uniform. He stood staring while they dismounted—it was not possible that they had

come to say they believed the ugly, dangerous charge that he had shot himself! Astonished, he recognized Mr. Scoville and the Burgess. The other two were strangers. All came in and sat down, looking curiously round the dim room.

"Where's your grandfather?" asked Mr. Scoville.

The Burgess answered quickly, and Mr. Scoville looked shocked and troubled.

"In July!"

"Yes," said the Burgess. "After the battle—wasn't it, Carl? Can you give us a light?"

Carl lit the lamp, helping himself from the settle to the table as best he could. Mr. Scoville made no comment upon his lameness and the omission seemed ominous.

"Now sit down."

Carl obeyed, growing paler and paler. What did they want? Surely they had not come to accuse him of so monstrous a crime!

"We'd like to hear all your experience in the battle," said Mr. Scoville.

"From the beginning?" asked Carl, his heart sinking.

"Yes."

Carl lifted his head. He told of his journey to the mountain, of the troops he saw in the woods, and of his visit to Biglerville and his watching the Union cavalry from the street corner. He told how he had gone back and forth to the tall tree and how Grandfather had grown worse. He told twice at their request how he had overheard Hunt and the Confederates talking, and how he had reported to the Union officers.

"Then on the last day I saw a wounded man and went across the creek to get him. I was kneeling on the doorstep when some one shot me. The bullet seemed to come from along the ground. I can't explain it. The man who shot must have been lying on his face."

"You can't think of any better explanation than that?"

Carl grasped the arm of the settle. "No," he said. "That's the exact truth."

Mr. Scoville drew a sheaf of paper from his pocket.

"There," he said, handing one to Carl. "There's a translation of Hunt's code report of his activities."

Carl's stupid eyes read slowly.

"Informed Captain R. of nearness of wagon trains. On morning of third in mill as ordered. Promised help did not come. Winged young Mottern."

"But I could look into the mill!" cried Carl. "There was no one there!"

"You say the shot came along the ground—is there a basement?"

Carl's eyes widened.

"There's the underground room where I hid the runaways!"

"Did Hunt know there was such a place?"

"Yes."

"Could he shoot from there?"

"Yes. There are openings between the stones in the wall."

"You see, we were watching him," explained the Burgess eagerly. "That was why

we couldn't seem to pay attention to you. But your testimony was valuable."

"Where is he now?" asked Carl.

"We took him into custody last night," answered Mr. Scoville. "His disappointment has made him desperate, and we thought it well to have him out of the way before the President came. Are you here all by yourself?"

"Yes," said Carl.

"It must be very lonely."

"Oh, I get along," said Carl cheerfully. Loneliness seemed to be nothing, now that he was free from suspicion.

"When—" Mr. Scoville's roaming eyes fell upon the bundle of letters. "When will you be well?"

"Never," answered Carl, still bravely. "But I'll walk better than I can now."

Mr. Scoville looked nervously at his friends.

"I want to have a minute with this boy." He moved nearer to the table, and when all had said good-bye and were gone he put out his hand. "What are these?" he asked sharply.

"They are Phil's letters," said Carl, his eyes brimming.

Mr. Scoville had them in both his hands. He looked at Carl as though he saw him for the first time. Mr. Scoville too had grown older than his years.

"You used to be his friend," he said. "I remember now. May I read them and show them to his mother?"

"Yes," said Carl. "But they're almost read to pieces."

"We've come back to stay," explained Mr. Scoville. "We'll see you often." He could hardly wait to be gone. He said good-night and went out quickly, and with the departing riders quiet fell upon the hollow.

Carl sat listening with a pale face; he had seen his package of letters go into Mr. Scoville's pocket; he saw the inscription in capital letters—

SCOVILLE AND MOTTERN
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
GETTYSBURG, PA.
WHY NOT?????

"Oh, if I could only be a lawyer!" he said

aloud. "Abraham Lincoln talked about helping. If I were educated, I could help!"

He looked up at Philip's books standing in a row on the mantel; he had not studied since the twenty-sixth of June. One ought never to despair—despair had made him waste these many weeks. He opened a geometry, then a history, and found the places where he had left off.

In the morning his courage failed and hope seemed foolish. He was a poor boy, awkward and forlorn, and the Scovilles were great people—would they think it worth while to do anything for him? He finished his chores and sat looking out the window. The sky was gray, and he shivered at the somberness of everything without and within. The morning was only half over and there was still the long afternoon and the dark night, and there would be many other gray mornings and long afternoons and dark nights.

Then, amazed, he rose and stood staring. A carriage was coming past the mill; drawn by two horses and Mrs. Scoville was within. He opened the door; embarrassed

and frightened though he was, he must not keep her waiting a second. He had left his crutch behind and he dared go no farther than the step.

Mrs. Scoville came toward him. She wore a black bonnet with a little white edge and a long fur cape, held close with her slender hands. Some of the youth and imperiousness had gone out of her face, but it had a new beauty. She came up the steps and into the house and sat down, looking round the room and out the window into the ravine.

"You're here all alone?"

Carl's heart leaped at sound of her soft voice.

"Yes."

"And you were badly hurt?"

"I'm better."

Carl smiled; his fear left him; Mrs. Scoville was not a person to be feared; she was a person to be loved, and, if she would permit it, to be taken care of.

"And you had fever?"

"I've forgotten it."

"Did you never think of writing when Philip died?"

"Yes," he answered hesitatingly. "But my words seemed too weak and feeble. I could only think of you."

She looked at him sharply and yearningly. "You loved him?"

"He and my grandfather were all I had."

"It isn't every boy whose letters to his friend can be handed over to his mother," she said proudly.

"Perhaps not," said Carl. "But Philip's could."

"I saw him fairly often, so he didn't write steadily. You had more letters from him than I." She rose and drew her cape about her, shivering as she did so. Color flooded her cheeks and she spoke as she used to speak, expecting to get exactly what she wanted.

"Now get ready quickly and come home."

Carl looked at her, flushing red.

"I'm better here. I haven't clothes, or anything."

"Clothes!" she said mockingly. "What foolishness!" She came close to him and

laid her hands on his shoulders. "You're old and tired and hurt, but we'll make you young and bright. Your foot may get well—there's no telling what time and the best of care will do. Come, get ready."

"Now?" said Carl, still stupidly.

"This minute. To stay always."

Carl stood motionless. It was very plain that some day he would look like his handsome old grandfather. He thought suddenly of the Eckenrodes and Mrs. Dalton whose boys were gone.

"You shall be a lawyer or anything you like." Mrs. Scoville took his paralysis for unwillingness. "If you won't come for me, come for Philip's sake. I can look into his room again if you're there. Where is your overcoat?"

Carl laughed.

"I haven't any. I don't need any. I have nothing to take but Philip's books."

The coachman had turned his horses and Mrs. Scoville stood waiting while Carl locked the door. She waited to help him in.

"No," he said, blushing, "I can manage."

He got awkwardly in after her. He looked at the mill and the race and he thought of the cold chamber dripping with moisture, echoing weary sighs. That misery was past; there would be no more bloodhounds, no more drenched and exhausted fugitives. Hunt had known it at last; it was that which had made him so bitter and cruel.

Eckenrode stood at his gate, and as they approached he saw Carl and came out into the road.

"I heard what happened," he called.

"He's going back with me," said Mrs. Scoville. "To stay always."

"I'm glad for him," said Eckenrode.

The sexton and many other people saw them drive by. Every one knew now about the shot. Constable Burns stood on the corner with Mr. Clymer and both waved their hats. Burns still wore his bright-blue coat and his tall hat. His wounds had healed and he was enjoying fame. The procession to Gettysburg would never cease, and as long as he lived he would be one of the chief curiosities. Abraham Lincoln had asked for him and talked to

him and a poet had written verses about him. He carried a copy in his pocket and showed it to his admirers.

At the Scoville door Mr. Scoville met them. His face was white, but he was smiling.

"Welcome home, Carl. It may be Scoville and Mottern yet."

The house was warm and bright; there was the crackle of a fire and the fragrance of flowers and the pleasant distant odor of spices and baking. There was also a distant voice and a familiar tune.

"When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum,
Linkum, Linkum;
"When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum
Walkin' all over God's hebben."

Mrs. Scoville smiled.

"Come to your room. Hebben's a long way off for you. You have a lot to do before you see hebben."

Carl followed her upstairs and down the sunshiny hall; the way was familiar, the door into which he turned was familiar. He seemed to see a familiar figure and to hear a familiar voice.

"You catch hold and lug these things downstairs. And stay to breakfast."

He felt a wave of grief and tried to steady himself. What were the steadying words he had heard?

"It is for us the living to be here dedicated—"

He looked bravely at the lovely figure in the doorway. The gray eyes regarded him questioningly, and the hunger in them was satisfied by his grief.

"Be happy," Mrs. Scoville bade him brightly. "That's what will please me. Now get ready for dinner and afterwards we'll consider the future."

She was gone, but Carl stood still in the middle of the room, anxious to lose no footfall, no rustle of her dress. No one in the world, he knew, was so fortunate as he.

THE END

j MRL
Singmaster,Elsie
Boy at Gettysburg

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